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CITY MAGAZINE

February 1989 \$1.95

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TUCSON'S DIRTY LITTLE SECRET



02

Good Vibes for February



Fluorite on Galena Chihuahua, Mexico

Photo by: Bill Panczner

It's crystal clear why your Tucson Convention Center is also Tucson's community hall for good times. The largest annual gem and mineral show in the world is back again this month with the kind of hard rock everyone loves. There's traditional culture from two Arizona Theatre Company productions; Arizona Opera's "Carmen;" a western musical from SALOC and classics from the Tucson Symphony Orchestra.

You want pop? Check out the classy cars at the World of Wheels, or the tough sticks of UA's Icecats. We'll even send you to New Zealand on the Sunday forum. The best out-of-body experience in town.

Tucson Convention Center

The Center of Attention

February Highlights

1.....Travel Market Place	9-12.....1989 Gem and Mineral Show	18-March 11.....ATC presents "Arms and the Man"
1-11.....ATC presents "I'm Not Rappaport"	9-12 & 23-26.....SALOC presents "Destry Rides Again"	19.....Sunday Forum Travel Series, "New Zealand Outdoor Adventure" with Grant Foster
2 & 3.....Tucson Symphony Orchestra all orchestral performance	16 & 18.....Arizona Opera presents "Carmen"	24 & 25.....Ice Hockey - UA Icecats vs. USC
3-5.....World of Wheels	17 & 18.....Ice Hockey - UA Icecats vs. St. Cloud State	26.....Sunday Forum Travel Series, "Hawaii, Lovelier Than Ever" with Sherilyn Mentes
5.....Sunday Forum Travel Series "Spain" with Thayer Soule	18 & 19....."Own Your Own Business" Trade Show	

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Cover: Photograph by Brad Hansel/Eglin Photography.
Volume 4, Number 1

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HOWDY



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AND TRADITION IN
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Howdy,

A while back *Barron's*, the big New York money junkies' rag, declared Phoenix officially dead. This is kinda like kicking a dog since the dump's been stinking like a corpse for years. But, having diagnosed this sunburned Frankenstein's monster, *Barron's* went on with more good tidings. Mainly, that the Valley of the Sun's favorite rape-and-scrape approach to city building had turned the joint into a sewer with bad air, traffic and vibes. And that development, the word cement heads use for garroting the Southwest, was croaking also. Here's the little problem *Barron's* arrived at: Phoenix by turning the place into a dump had created a sewer that made it mighty hard to crank up the bulldozers again. Simply put, who in the hell would want to move there now?

As a well bred iguana, I sometimes despair of human beings — they're cute codgers but dumber than a post — but I figure even *homo sapiens* can grasp the lesson to be learned from Phoenix's official burial. All we've got in Tucson is what brought us all here originally — great mountains, blue sky, nice weather, hot-off-the-skillet desert and poodle-eating coyotes. We haven't got gold, iron, coal, oil, banks, auto factories, or the Hershey chocolate factory. What we really have is what we found and haven't managed to destroy yet. And if we screw that up, and Lord knows we work hard at it, we're finished. Just another nasty burg that splotched across the desert like a wart. Remember you better watch out and you better not cry — *Barron's* might be coming to town.

Iggy

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LETTERS

Flab Flub

Linda Weis' well-intended hyperbole about my surgical practice ("Flab Flap," December) contains some errors that demand correction in the interest of both fairness and journalistic accuracy.

I did not introduce liposuction to the United States. Arizona, yes. America, no.

I was not on a "20/20" show about liposuction. I was a local commentator. I have not done more liposuction than any other plastic surgeon in the country. Probably not even more than any other plastic surgeon just in Tucson.

I am not a multi-millionaire, or even a uni-millionaire. It is a nice thought, but discouragingly improbable.

I do not believe that only certified plastic surgeons are qualified to do this surgery. Liposuction is currently performed by many other qualified surgical specialists.

Of course I have had "complications" ...luckily none of significance to date. A surgeon who claims "no complications" is like a cowboy who claims he has never been thrown: dishonest, inexperienced or conveniently forgetful.

Enthusiastic reporting is part of the magazine business, but so is editorial oversight. More of the latter would have improved the article, possibly saving you and certainly saving me considerable embarrassment.

B.R. Burkhardt, M.D.

'Made Me Want to Spit Up'

I have read *City Magazine* faithfully since its first issue. I have also been enthusiastic in recommending *City Magazine* to our clients as an advertising medium.

My objections to the political and economic positions published in *City* have been many, but the presentations have generally provoked thought, which means you were doing your job.

With the appearance of "Beans and Bullets" in the December issue, how-

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Information: Tucson Gem & Mineral Show Committee
P.O. Box 42543 Tucson, AZ 85733

LETTERS

ever, I am simply provoked. Glorifying the Sandinistas is not acceptable. Romanticizing life under an expansionist Soviet client state is not informative.

The Marxist rhapsodies of Lillian Hall — fuzzy-minded child of American plenty — on her assumed role as technician cum peasant would be laughable were it not for the lessons learned in Vietnam. There, the Marxists were "nationals" and "agrarian reformers." Jane Fonda told us so. Then the Marxists gained control of the country and several million Vietnamese, Laotians and Cambodians were executed, starved or worked to death in the "internationalist" cause. If you have difficulty with the parallel, think of it as "Rice and Bullets."

Am I to take Ms. Hall as a latter day Jane Fonda in overalls? If so, I judge her, too, a traitor and a fool.

Finally, the requiem for Ben Linder made me want to spit up. He put himself in harm's way and paid the price properly demanded of those who give aid and comfort to the enemy. Ms. Hall notwithstanding, justice is sometimes revealed to us.

Bear Sitton
Omni Communications, Inc.

A Surprised Abbey Convert

By all means — continue my subscription to *City Magazine*. It is a wonderful way to stay connected to the town that was my home for eleven years.

Although it's taken time to adjust to LA LA Land, in retrospect it's changed my attitude about a few things and opinions I once held about Tucson. Who would have ever thought that I would come to agree with Edward Abbey...or be thankful to have lived in such a liberal area? If you all have to deal with ol' Ev again, send him to Orange County — he'd be right at home here, as well as elected!

Thanks for your *real* magazine about Tucson. I can't wait to come home, breathe clean air, read *Fitz* and see relatively unscarred mountains.

Kimberly McInerney Davis
Placentia, California

Kudos from The Edge

Amigos:

....Here at the Edge of Texas, you're a bright spot. Matter of fact, y'all are probably the best and certainly the brightest publication coming out of the whole goddam country. Keep it up!

Alex Apostolides
[Co-producer, "The Edge of Texas," Radio KTEP]
El Paso, Texas

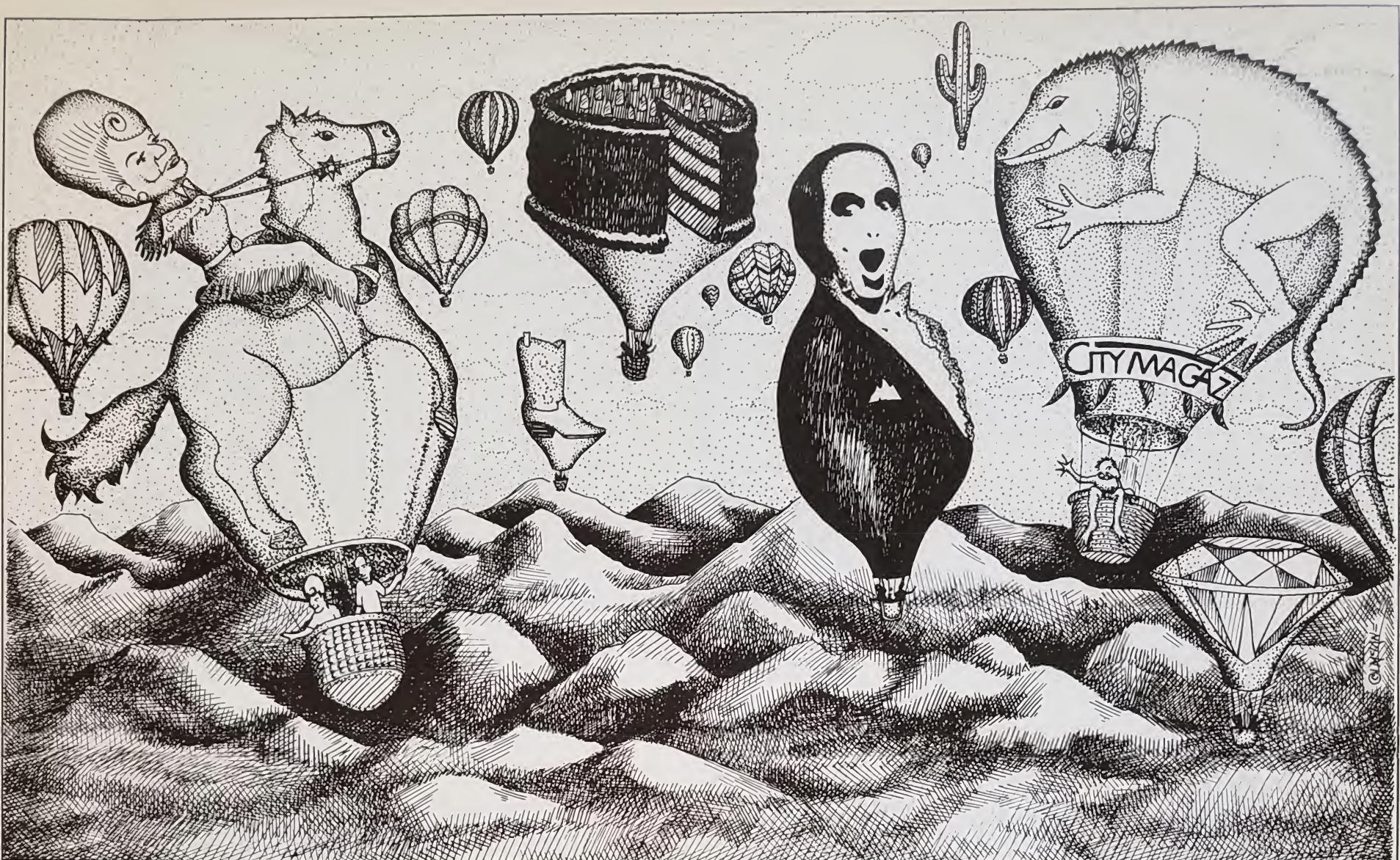
Absolutely The Last We'll Print On This Topic

This is in reference to the letter from Mrs. Loescher in your November edition [re: SG's restaurant]. I would like you to hear from another side. A friend took me to SG's Seafood Bar for my birthday. Unlike Mrs. Loescher's party, I had a warm and wonderful evening.

We went on a Sunday afternoon intending to take advantage of an advertised shrimp and crawfish special. Even though the special on the shrimp was on weekdays, they served it to us anyway.... The staff and the owner went out of their way to make us feel like family, not customers! They offered me champagne for my birthday, but I had to decline because of medications. Then they brought out kahlua pie for both of us. When the owner, Kandi Kandola, came in, he introduced himself and insisted we try a speciality of his (Indian dish) on the house. Our waitress, Becky, was in constant attendance, refilling our drinks and bringing more shrimp and crawfish. Never did we have to look for her. In short, it was the nicest, friendliest restaurant I've ever been in.

Mrs. Cita DiMaggio

We love to hear from you, whether to compliment or complain. We reserve the right to edit letters for length and clarity. Sign your letters and include a return address and phone number (which we won't publish). Send your letters to *City Magazine*, 1050 E. River Rd., Suite 200, Tucson, Arizona 85718.



Lois McLane

Wacky Tubacy

Feb. 4-12

Tubac's 30th annual arts and crafts festival, the community happening of the year that attracts local and national artists plus a flock of snowbirds to keep business lively. In addition to art exhibits, there are homemade creations (ranging from antiques to decorative chili peppers to handcrafted furniture and more) and a multitude of ethnic goodies line the streets. Don't forget to walk through the offbeat shops in the old section. About 60 miles south of Tucson on I-19. From 10 a.m. to dusk. Info, 1-398-9155.

International Gem and Mineral Show

Feb. 9-12

This is the gem and mineral show. Hundreds of dealers selling hundreds of thousands of dollars in rocks, minerals and precious stones, and more deals going on in the hotels after hours. The largest show of its kind in the world with top-draw exhibits from big-name, urban museums. Enough crystals to ward off evil forever. Be positive, go, and fondle all this natural beauty. Might even hit an underappraised jackpot — one man's rock may be another's jewel. Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Sun., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Adm. \$2. Children under 14 free with paying adult. TCC. Info, 791-4101.

Worth a Million Words

Feb. 10

Seems like it was just yesterday that they announced plans for the new Center for Creative Photography building. President Henry Koffler's on hand for this dedication of his predecessor's dream. The 50,000-sq.-ft. building is the grandest museum in the country built exclusively for photography. In the UA archives they have the complete collections of Ansel Adams, Dean Brown, Wynn Bullock,

Where to

Howl

February's Choice

Harry Callahan, Eugene Smith (ahhhh!) Edward Weston (more ahhh!) and others. Two inaugural exhibitions — "Decade by Decade: Twentieth Century American Photography from the Collection of the Center for Creative Photography" and "Ansel Adams: Rare and Classic Works from the Ansel Adams Archive" — will be open for view. On UA campus south of the new Speedway pedestrian underpass. Info, 621-7968.

Up, Up and Away

Feb. 18, 19

Eighty hot air balloons in a rainbow of colors fly the Tucson skies, including some odd and mysteriously shaped creations. One of the big fiestas for balloon addicts who like their air thin. Get a stiff neck while taking great pictures (color, of course; but the City Mag balloon will be there in glorious black & white). The hare and hound race launches the event, but it's too complicated to explain, so just be there. Not to be confused with the DEA's latest balloon war on drug smuggling planes. This one's for fun and charity. Over 50 concessions — food, souvenirs, gifts and games. At Continental Ranch in Marana. Info, 884-9952.

Light Your Fire

Feb. 19

Chili is a big deal in the Southwest. So much that there is even a group called the ChiliHeads

of Arizona. And they're holding the Arizona State Open Championship — the 11th annual at Old Tucson. Celebrity judges include our guy Rose and other well known faces and hairdos. See which batch turns these faces into beats. Chili with beans, chili con carne, Texas Red ... whatever you call it, that savory concoction of fire. There's no real recipe, only reputation, and everyone thinks they can make it better than the next. Become a ChiliHead. Info on times, 298-6838.

Cabaret

Feb. 22-26

No need to hop a big bird to Broadway ... it's coming to us. Joel Grey stars in the role that won him both the Tony and Academy Award, catapulting him to stardom and constant employment. In this production, he's back as The Emcee. Once again, Harold Prince directs the supporting cast in the musical. Too bad Liza won't show In UA Centennial Hall at 8 p.m. Matinees, 2 p.m. Tickets, \$38, \$36, \$27 at Centennial Hall and Dillard's. Info, 621-3341. The Feb. 23 show is a special benefit performance for KUAT. For those tickets, 621-7637.

Rodeo on Parade

Feb. 23

Hear the clunk of hooves, the sounds of local marching bands, see buggies full of pretty people and cherubic kids. And there's food —

plenty of it. This is our local institution, and the world's (yep) largest non-mechanized parade. Lasts a touch shy of 3 hours. Starting point at 13th St. and Sixth Ave. at 9 a.m. but get downtown early or you'll feel like a sardine in a flat can. Info, 791-4322 for route.

La Fiesta de Los Vaqueros

Feb. 23-26

Those who live by the flesh get thrown by it, too. These cowboys and girls are lean and tough — they ride bulls, get tossed off onto the hard ground and break bones to make people happy (and earn a living). Events include the daredevil ride, bareback, saddle bronc, bulls, team roping, steer wrestling, women's barrel racing and calf roping. The biggest outdoor midwinter rodeo in America. Tucson Rodeo Grounds. 4801 S. Sixth Ave. Info on times and ticket prices, 792-2283.

Gourmet Chocolate Hounds

Mar. 5

All cocoa bean freaks swear off the stuff at least once a year (right after they've polished off an entire Sara Lee cake). Now's not the time for resolutions. Spend a day gorging yourself on the finest candies, cakes and other sweet dark concoctions that have been outlawed by Weight Watchers and the AMA. Tucson's gourmet caterers and confectioners, restaurants and bakeries are staging the 6th annual "A Taste of Chocolate." Great if you're depressed, the sugar will wash away your blues — for several hours, anyway. Benefits Arizona's Right to Choose. At the Ramada Inn, St. Mary's Road and I-10 from 2-4 p.m. Tickets, \$12.50 in advance — available at Courtyard Cafe, Bentley's, and Blue Willow. Fifteen bucks at the door. Info, 326-5506 or 624-7931.

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WHERE TO HOWL



HEAD SHOP

The Orchid Lady

Feb. 2

Find out why scholars consider artist Georgia O'Keeffe a "Totally American Modernist" in a lecture sponsored by the Tucson Museum of Art docent council at 1 p.m. in the Education Center. Free. Info, 624-2333.

Battling Fat Globules

Feb. 2, 9, 16, 23

Tucson Medical Center's Life Enrichment February series focuses on your heart and all the fat in and around it. Feb. 2, Eileen Derenowski, R.N., covers practical tips to combat cholesterol; Feb. 9, Andrew Cosentino, P.T. (TMC Manager of Cardiac Rehab), explains how to start an appropriate exercise program; Feb. 16, Merry Dearmon-Moore, R.N., M.S., tells you what hypertension really is and how to control it; Feb. 23, David Buck, R.Ph., TMC pharmacist, discusses new heart medications. All for free at 7:30 p.m. in the Winchester Room at the Sheraton El Conquistador. Info, 742-7000, ext. 65.

Back Our Cats

Look, we know that they get free press—everywhere. We know that Elliott has a smile like Bambi but is really basketball's Tarzan; we know that Sean Rooks is really a person and just resembles a tree, and that anyone near him will be felled. Yes, we know that Ron Curry is the hottest, fastest frosh; we know Mason can make the pass and Lofton steals so well he could go to prison.... So here's the couch potato schedule, in case you had a bout of amnesia or refused the scalpers: Feb. 2: California at McKale on KMSB at 7:37 p.m. Feb. 5: at Washington on Raycom at 1:05 p.m. Feb. 9: at Oregon on KMSB at 7:30 p.m. Feb. 12: at Oklahoma (time for revenge) on CBS at 1:05 p.m. Feb. 16: Southern Cal at McKale on KMSB at 7:37 p.m. Feb. 18: UCLA at McKale on Raycom at 4:05 p.m. Feb. 23: ASU at McKale on KMSB at 7:37 p.m.

Before Chicken Nuggets

Feb. 8, 11

Think the Sunbelt always was condos? Want to know more about our roots? These folks were born to educate. Feb. 8,

Feb. 26: at Rutherford, New Jersey, against Duke on NBC at 1:05 p.m.

Now, relax in your red jammies and cheer 'til the neighbors call the cops. No one gets busted for this.

Film Stories

Feb. 5, 19, 26

If you can't fit traveling into your schedule, you can find time to enjoy worldly views, by watching the World Geographic Society, Inc. travelogue adventure series. Feb. 5, Thayer Soule takes you on a slide-trip to Spain; Feb. 19, Grant Foster will show you an outdoor adventure in New Zealand; Feb. 26, Sherilyn Mentes hosts a trip to Hawaii—"lovelier than ever," she says.

At 2:30 p.m. in the TCC Music Hall. Season tickets, \$23; individual tickets sold at the door. Info, 326-7577.

Get Well

Feb. 2, 9, 23

WELCOT's continuing lecture series: Feb. 2, why does "fat make you fatter?" Feb. 9, do you have supermarket savvy? Feb. 23, no recipe is carved in stone. Get the lowdown on all this for FREE from 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's Church Bingo Hall, 215 S. Craycroft. Info, 721-3951.

Noah's Tanker

Feb. 7

Continuing the UA Faculty Lecture Series, Michael L. Rosenzweig, Prof. of Ecology and Evolutionary Biology, discusses "How Many Rooms in Noah's Ark?" — an ecological analysis of the number of species in nature. Arizona Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium at 7:30 p.m., room 2600. Free. Info, 621-1877.

Mind Bash

Feb. 7

The Magritte Sessions are about "writing and ideas at the innovative edge of contemporary practice." Hang out on the edge with them. Author Paul Metcalf reads on Feb. 7 at 7 p.m. at the Tucson Museum of Art. Sponsored by Chax Press and supported by TMA, Cafe Magritte, TPAC and the Arizona Commission on the Arts. Info on prices, 622-7109.

the Arizona Historical Society and Tucson Public Library sponsor "A sharing of cultures—African American history" Field research by Baiza Muhammad, lectures with slides pertaining to the Buffalo Soldiers at 1:30 in the Woods Library Free. Feb. 11 "La Reunion El Fuerte" at the AHS/Fort Lowell Museum (2900 N. Craycroft), a self-guided tour that traces the paths of Native American and European cultures that have inhabited the Old Pueblo. Hours are 1-4:30 p.m. Info 628-5775.

More on Manet

Feb. 9

Be ready for your art history class The Tucson Museum of Art docent council sponsors a lecture that reveals why Manet was the "reluctant leader of impressionism." Get smart for free the Education Center at 1 p.m. Info, 624-2333.

For Women Only....

Feb. 9

Maxicare begins a new series of lectures targeting women health issues. If your workout motivation has vanished learn how and why to find the time to exercise. From 6-7 p.m. at 6565 E. Carondelet Dr. Adm. \$2 for non-members Advance registration required. Info, 721-5531.

Unstress Yourself

Feb. 13-27

Too much tension, worry and furrows across your forehead? Join Maxicare's three-week class on stress management and learn to relax. Non-members, \$10; members, \$5. From 7 to 8 p.m. in the Catalina Room of the Maxicare Bldg., 6565 E. Carondelet Dr. Advance registration required. Info, 721-5531.

Xeriscapes....

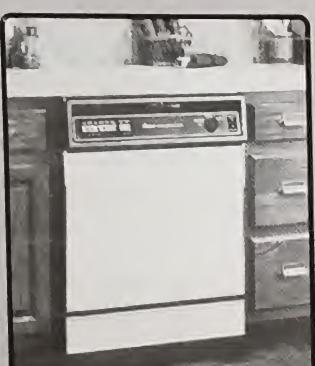
Feb. 16

SAWARA, the water-concerned group, sponsors the 3rd annual outdoor-decorating Xeriscape conference with feature presentations on: application of xeriscape principles, xeriscape and the greenhouse effect, revegetation, new plant materials for xeriscapes, xeriscape "retrofits" for gravel landscapes etc. From 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. at the Tucson Airport Holiday Inn, 4550 S. Palo Verde. Cost is \$35 and includes lunch. Registration info, 881-3939.

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THE UNKNOWN WEST

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Thursday, February 16, 6 pm
KUAT-FM 90.5

Saturday, February 18, 9 am
KUAT-AM 1550



Arizona Humanities Council

Photo courtesy of The Black West/Open Hand Publishing



HOWL

The Southwest Story

Feb.-April

A series of programs on the history, culture and natural world of the desert sponsored by the Tucson Public Library. Feb. 16, a lecture and video presented by David Wing of Pima Community College features interviews with Japanese-Americans who were forced into the WWII internment camps in Arizona. At 7 p.m. in El Pueblo library. There's a slew of other interesting and prouder programs, so just call for info, 791-4391.

(1930) is about a high school teacher who finds his students with night club singer Lola. He goes to tell her to stop corrupting his students ... and, of course, becomes fascinated. Feb. 16, in "Der zerbrochene Krug" (1937), a shrewd village judge pursues a young girl and causes complications that finally cost him his position. A comedy. Both films in German. Sponsored in part by Robert Hall Travel, UA Modern Language Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Free. 621-7388.

Wicked Wheels

Feb. 3-5

Face it. We hardly walk anymore (unless we've got weights tethered to our body and it's *exercise*) because our cars are our best friends. The World of Wheels show has something for everyone—flashy stretch limos, antique low-riders and bucking 4-wheelers—all waxed and cherried for your oohing and aahing. A ticket to your favorite decade and day-dream. Find out what man's best friend really looks like. TCC. Adm. charge. Info, 791-4101.

Native American Benefit

Feb. 3-5

Native Americans exhibit handcrafted works (jewelry, baskets, blankets etc.) and celebrate with entertainment and tons of food at Old Town Artisans downtown. Info, 623-6024.

Open Your Heart

Feb. 4

This year the American Heart Association celebrates the 30th anniversary of the annual Heart Ball, at Ventana Canyon Resort. With big band themes from the '20s and '30s, partiers can boogie and help raise money at the same time. Last year's event raised \$75,000 and proceeds are distributed all around Southern Arizona. A great place to see the movers and shakers in town. So open your wallet. It's \$125 a person. (Wear something red.) Info, 795-1403.



Germanic Expression

Feb. 2, 16

With the overload of gooey teen flicks and the splattered walls of bad horror movies, no wonder you're plastered in front of your VCR watching Doris Day re-runs. Step out of America, and consider the creations of the Fatherland. Feb. 2, "Der blaue Engel."

TACTfully Yours....

Through Feb. 5

Theater with a twist ... presenting (rights pending) Andrew Bergman's "Social Security." Be a visual adventurer and wander over to Studio Y, 738 N. 5th Ave. Adm., \$6. Further info, 299-8101 between 9 a.m.-3 p.m.

Arabian Workout**Feb. 3-5**

The blood doesn't get any bluer than this—the annual Arabian Horse Charity Show. Graceful steeds compete in cutting stock, working and western pleasure for thousands in prize money. At Pima County Fairgrounds. A chance to decide for yourself about Arabians; some cowboys ain't convinced. Info, 624-1013.

Classic Films**Feb. 6, 7, 13, 14, 27, 28**

Feb. 6, 7, "Citizen Kane"

(1941). Many critics argue this was the *best* film ever made. Missed it? Now's your chance to see. Feb. 13, 14, "Heaven Can Wait" (1943) starring Gene Tierney and Don Ameche. Feb. 27, 28 "Crime Without Passion" (1934) with Claude Rains. Adm. \$2. Series discounts available. Mon., 5:30 and 8:30 p.m. Tues., 7:30 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Bldg. Info, 621-1877.

Look, Touch, Buy....**Feb. 10, 11**

The Southern Arizona Porcelain Guild presents their 18th annual show and sale of handpainted porcelain at the Aztec Inn, 102 N. Alvernon Way. Interesting stuff. Info on times, 745-1957.

Give Your Heart To Peace**Feb. 11**

Shake up the world a little at this benefit dance for the Tucson Peace Center. The band will be Michael Olson's "Pulse" (contemporary African Reggae Latin Caribbean). Advance tickets at Bentley's \$6. \$7 at the door. At Ortspace, 328 E. 7th St., 7 p.m.-midnight. Info, 623-4256

Show of Arms**Feb. 11, 12**

Big boys and girls of the New West are buying, selling, trading and collecting guns. Enough weaponry to start a war—modern, antique and military styles available, with gun safety and education stressed. Food and drink available. Sponsored by the Arizona Arms Association. Adm. charge. Pima County Fairgrounds. Info, 624-1013.

Lunching at Janos**Feb. 14-17**

Take advantage of this three-day cooking spree by Janos Wilder, when lunches will be available—at a price you can afford—from 11:30 a.m.-2 p.m. Reservations suggested;

festive meals guaranteed. 150 N. Main. Info, 884-9426.

Navajo Rugs**Feb. 17-19**

Do Navajo crafts touch your spirit? Don't miss the 5th annual Navajo rug and jewelry show, sale and auction. They've got a large selection of collector's stock available and all you have to do is be there to buy it. Auction begins at 1 p.m. on Sun. Free admission at Westin La Paloma, Verbena Room. Fri. eve. from 6-9 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.-9 p.m. and Sun. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Benefits the Southern Arizona Council of Camp Fire Girls and Boys. Info, 325-6883.

Make Your Day**Feb. 18, 19**

You can buy, sell, swap or haggle a good bargain on guns, knives and other western weapons at the annual Douglas Gun Show. Take a drive to where real cowboys still live. Info, 1-364-8339.

Feisty Fiddlers**Feb. 19**

Start up rodeo week with the annual fiddlers and beard-growing contest. If you think your beard is long enough to get an honorable mention, they're awarding trophies. The clean-shaven can listen to authentic American violin music. Sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation. Info on time and place, 791-4079.

Re-Enact WAR**Feb. 20-22**

Walk through authentic camps of the North and South and watch re-enactments, on Old Tucson grounds, of 1860s Civil War skirmishes.

Members of the Arizona Civil War Council, dressed to kill in period regalia, will ride, plan, fight and display weapons and camp gear. Adm. charge. Info, 883-0100.

Luau in Hawaii**June 15-22**

Sign up now to put some excitement in your life and join the Tucson Botanical Gardens in guided tours of Kauai, the garden isle in Hawaii. \$1,195 buys you air fare, deluxe accommodations and education. It also makes you a member of the Tucson Botanical Gardens. Further info and registration, contact Warren/Far West Travel, 886-1331.

Graphic design by Trudi Fletcher

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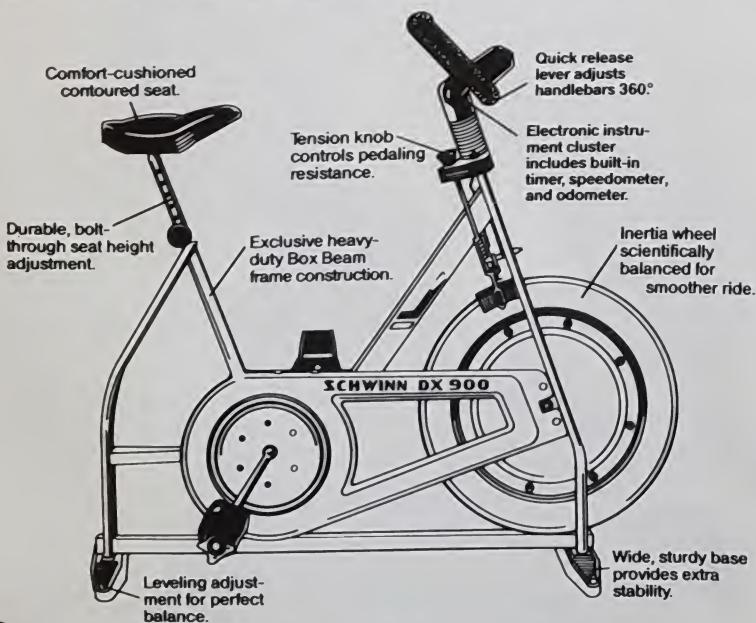
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WHERE TO HOWL

TMA Food Tour Through Feb.

Feeling adventuresome? Treat yourself to a culinary trip. Nearly 20 dinners are being offered this year. Dance through the cuisine of Spain, or check out what the Ayatollah eats, or how ancient Greeks chowed down.

Sponsored by the Tucson Museum of Art. Dinners are held in various restaurants and private homes. A lot of grub for \$75 a person. Reservations and info, 299-2607.

UA Arizona State Museum Through Feb.

Entitled "Among the Western Apache: The Guenther and Goodwin Collections," this exhibit includes a painting by acclaimed Apache artist Duke Wassaja Sine, an extensive array of Apache pots, woven baskets, rugs, crafts and ordinary utilitarian artifacts generally overlooked by collectors. With historical documentation, 1860 through 1970. Info, 621-4895.

"Juguetes Encantadores: Enchanting Toys of Mexico" Through May

Mexican folktoys (dating back

to the '30s) include the ball-and-stick, tops and moveable wooden cowboys on horseback, miniature pottery, furniture and tinware. Coinciding with the visit, the gift shop has stocked an ample supply of Mexican folk toys, many almost identical to those on display. Info, 621-6302.

Walking Tours Through April

Put on your sturdy shoes and take the tours offered by the Arizona Historical Society. Sat. mornings from 10 a.m. - noon trek through the El Presidio Historic District. From 1-3 p.m. visit the Armory Park Historical Neighborhood. All this history for only three bucks. Info, 622-0956.

Rodeo All Year Long

The Tucson Rodeo Parade Museum is open year 'round — over 100 pieces of western paraphernalia, horse-drawn vehicles — even a street scene from the early 1900s. Located at South Sixth Ave. and Irvington. Donations cheerfully accepted. Open Sat. & Sun. from noon-4 p.m.

Special tours for groups of 12 or more, 791-4322

This Bug's For You

These people are dedicated. The Sonoran Arthropod Studies, Inc. has an entire museum of arthropods (insects, spiders, crabs, centipedes, millipedes etc.), including several thousand live ones on exhibit—an active bee colony, an aquatic insect exhibit and hills of ant colonies to take a gander at. Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Adm. \$1. 2437 N. Stone. Info, 884-8020.



STAGE

Flamenco Flair

Feb. 1
Teatro de Danza Espanola presents an evening combining the elements of Spanish Romantic and Gypsy

We wash your car. It rains — up to 48 hours later. Bring the car and the receipt back on the first clear day. We wash it again - free! Even if it rains for a long time.

Guy came by named Noah - said he liked that one. Told me he'd be back in about six weeks. I said great, but next time, don't bring the two giraffes, they ate all the flowers in the planter.

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Flamenco dancing, featuring 18 dancers, including flamenco virtuoso La Tati. Making its American debut this year after applause in Europe, Asia and Latin America, the company is sure to rouse any audience. UA Centennial Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets, \$14, \$12, available at Dillard's and Centennial Hall. Info, 621-3341.

Classy Classics

Feb. 2, 3

Tucson Symphony Orchestra presents Haydn's Symphony No. 30 in C Major, "Alleluja"; John Adams' "The Chairman Dances" and Antonin Dvorak's Symphony No. 9 in E Minor, Op. 95. TCC Music Hall at 8 p.m. Info, 791-4101.

Different Drummers

Feb. 4

The "Kodo Drummers of Japan" — 30 members blend ancient tribal drumming, called *taiko*, with modern theatrics. Bamboo flutes and stringed instruments accompany, but the heartbeat is the drum rhythm, from the chirp of the *hyoshigi* (wooden clackers) to the thundering rumble of the *o-daiko* — a huge, 900 lb. instrument played by two loin-clothed men in a slow motion dance. Curtain at 8 p.m. in UA Centennial Hall. Tickets, \$15, \$13. Available at Dillard's and Centennial Hall. Info, 621-3341.

ITZABOUTIME

Feb. 4

Celebrating 10 years of cultural service to Tucson—these guys have brought us Holly Near, Ronnie Gilbert and the infamous Ladies Against Women. Now they're bringing a witty, feisty, singer/songwriter, Judy Small, from the Australian Outback. Songs about McDonald's and nuclear plants, about war, patriotism, women.... Show her what a great Old Pueblo audience is. At 8 p.m. in the Unitarian Universalist Church, 4831 E. 22nd St. Info, 623-1688 (ask for Ted).

Tucson Symphony Orchestra

Feb. 5, 6

Continuing their In Recital series, an intimate performance by a piano trio—Mozart's Trio No. 2 in B-Flat Major, K. 502; Muczynski's Trio No. 1, Op. 24; Mendelssohn's Trio No. 1 in D Minor, Op. 49. Sun. performance at 3 p.m. in Green Valley's Presbyterian Church, 2800 S. Camino del Sol; Mon. at St. Philip's Sanctuary, River

and Campbell, at 8 p.m. Info, 882-8585.

Master Flutist

Feb. 7

Acknowledged internationally as one of the greatest flute virtuosos of all time, Jean-Pierre Rampal has been praised in every publication, every review, every press release. We'll do it, too. He glides through every musical gesture and enthralls in the process. At UA Centennial Hall, 8 p.m. Tickets available at Centennial Hall and Dillard's—\$18, \$16, \$14 and worth every dollar. Info, 621-3341.

TSO Chamber Concert

Feb. 10, 12

Guest conductor James Sedares joins the Tucson Symphony Orchestra in a chamber concert presenting Mozart's Divertimento, K. 136; R. Strauss' Serenade for Winds in E-Flat Major, Op. 7 and Schubert's Symphony No. 5 in B-Flat Major D. 485. Friday at 8 p.m. in UA Crowder Hall; Sunday at 3 p.m. in Green Valley's Presbyterian Church, 2800 S. Camino del Sol. Info, 882-8585.

a.k.a. theatre

Through Feb. 11

"I-dare-you" is a.k.a.'s theme this year. Two original one-act plays, "Thank God Billy's Possessed" by John Able and "Crystal Throws a Guilt Party" by Sam Zales. Who knows the plot? The titles are intriguing enough. Where theater meets bizarro. Confirm dates, please! Info, 623-7852.

Arizona Theatre Company

Through Feb. 11

Presenting Herb Gardner's *I'm Not Rappaport*, about two men, one black, one white, both in their 80s. They turn indignities and injustices into a triumph of friendship. Who is Nat? Who is Midge? Who is Rappaport? Find out. Tony Award for best play in 1986. Sponsored by MeraBank. Curtain at 8 p.m. in the Leo Rich Theatre at TCC. Info, 622-2823.

Invisible Theatre

Through Feb. 12

John Van Druten's great comedy success, *Bell, Book and Candle*, the story of a modern witch whose only imperfection is her inability to fall in love. Lighthearted fantasy that will cast a spell over ITs audience. Curtain, 8

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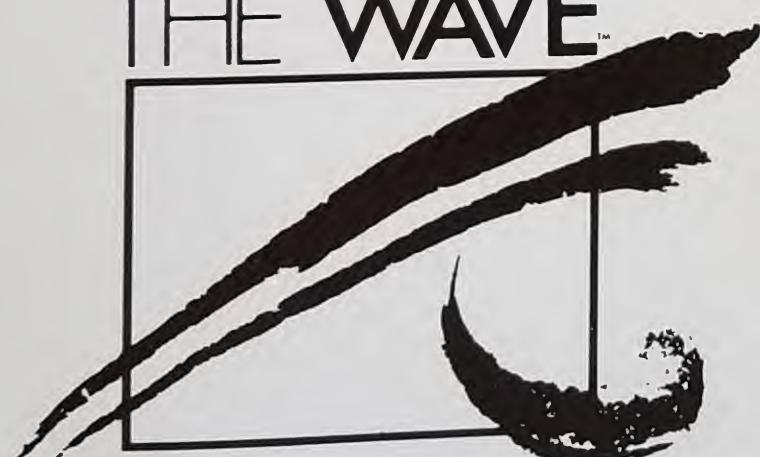
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WHERE TO HOWL

p.m. 1400 N. 1st. Ave. Info, 882-9721.

Fine Art Sounds

Feb. 12

The Unitarian Universalist Church continues its fine art concert series with Leonard Taffs (UA faculty member), pianist, in an evening of popular and classical music. At 7:30 p.m. in the church auditorium. 4831 E. 22nd St. Info, 748-1551.

Concert Attraction

Feb. 14

Another maestro spans his hands across a keyboard with technical brilliance to entertain you. The Peter Nero Trio—he's been performing over 25 years as pianist, arranger and composer—comes to Tucson. "To sum it up, Peter Nero plays like Peter Nero," said *The Toledo Blade*. That sums up why you should go. A good Valentine gift. UA Centennial Hall at 8 p.m. Tickets available at Centennial Hall and Dillard's: \$17, \$15, \$15. Info, 621-3341.

Arizona Friends of Music

Feb. 15

They bring some of the finest

chamber concerts to town Now the Tokyo String Quartet, with cellist Carter Brey, performs Haydn's Quartet, Op. 74, No. 2; Janacek's Quartet No. 1, "Kreutzer Sonata" and Schubert's Quintet in C major, D. 956 at UA Centennial Hall. General adm. \$10, students \$4. Info, 298-5806.

The Arizona Opera

Feb. 16, 18

Bizet's *Carmen* may be the most popular, enduring opera ever composed. The tale of Spanish Gypsy life and an uncomprehending outsider. With Adria Firestone as Carmen, Hans Ashbaker as the naive Don Jose, Karen Erickson as Micaela, and Mark Delavan as Escamillo. At 7:30 p.m. in TCC Music Hall. Ticket info, 293-4336.

Oldies ... but Goodies

Feb. 27

The Arizona Early Music Society, a group devoted to performing music of the past, presents the Amsterdam Loeki Stardust Quartet at 8 p.m. Location info, 323-7915.

Gaslight Theatre
Through Mar. 25

"Sherlock Holmes and the Lost Rose of Egypt," a slapstick version of A.C. Doyle's mighty detective. See what clues he finds and how he solves the case, Gaslight style. The olio (potpourri of song & dance) is always good. 7000 E. Tanque Verde Rd. Times and ticket info, 886-9428.



ART

Amerind Foundation

Through February

Entitled "Navajo Ways: The Textile Arts 1840-1930," the new display outlines the history and development of textiles and weavings by the Navajo. Continuing displays include "Dance in Ceremony" tracing the rituals of dance among the Apache, Hopi,

COME SEE HOW COWBOYS GET THEIR KICKS.

You'll see all kinds of kicks and kickers February 23-26 at the 64th annual Fiesta de los Vaqueros Tucson Rodeo—one of the five largest rodeos in the world.

Steer wrestling, bull riding, bronc busting and more. See professional rodeo's best cowboys try to hang on to over \$200,000 in prize money.

Get your tickets, today, at one of the locations listed below, or call (602) 792-2283 for information.

The excitement kicks off Thursday, February 23 with a rodeo parade downtown at 9:00 am. Don't miss any of the festivities, and bring the entire family to the Tucson Rodeo. It'll be a kick.

February 23-26, Tucson Rodeo Grounds

La Fiesta de los VAQUEROS TUCSON RODEO

Tickets available at: Americana Hotel de Tucson, Suite 161, 1601 N. Oracle Rd./Tucson Community Center Box Offices, all locations/Dillard's Ticket Outlets, Park Mall, Tucson Mall, El Con Mall/Tucson Community Center/Davis Monthan AFB/Eastside City Hall/Sponsored by the Tucson Rodeo Committee, Inc.

Yaqui and Maya peoples. A variety of paintings and sculpture by 19th and 20th century American artists on view. Adm. charge. Open daily 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Located 65 miles east of Tucson in Dragoon. Info on directions, 1-586-3666.

Ann Original Gallery
Through Feb. 11

Spotlighting the large-scale watercolors of Ann Boice. Also on display, Gary Franklin's canvas characters by Jamela and the raku pottery of Marcy Wrenn.

Feb. 13-Mar. 25

The Horse Artists Association displays equine images in oil, watercolor and graphite pencil. Also, the raku pottery of Joan Pevarnik, marble pedestals by Dennis Patterson and ceramic wall pieces by Linda Haworth. Reception, Feb. 16 from 5-8 p.m. Munchies and drinks. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Sat. 'til 5 p.m. 4811 E. Grant Rd., Suite 153, Crossroads Festival. 323-0266.

Art Network

Representing Luis Jimenez, Louis Carlos Bernal, Santiago Vaca, Fernando Joffroy, Alfred Quiroz, Cristina Cardenas. Plus "wearable art"—gonzo bola ties, jewelry, T-shirts with social comments and more. They change their selection often. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sat., 8-10 p.m. 624-7005.

Cabat Studio

Through Feb.

The family that makes art together stays together. Erni

and Rose Cabat have been doing that for years—he paints, she works in ceramics. 627 N. 4th Ave. Visit their studio, but call first for an appt. Info, 622-6362.

Davis Gallery
Through Feb. 18

Landscape and figurative paintings by Bruce McGrew. See what kind of art is happening on the Northwest Side. Tues.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 6812 N. Oracle. Info, 297-1427.

Dinnerware Cooperative

Through Feb. 26

Original works by Ann Simmons-Myers, Patricia Donahue and Mark Taylor deck the walls. Tues.-Sat., noon-5 p.m.; Sun., 1-4 p.m. 135 E. Congress St. Info, 792-4503.

Eleanor Jeck Galleries

Through Feb.

Ceramics by Mary Bohan and sculptures by Ann Bannard. Catch the trend of mini-mall art galleries. El Mercado de Boutiques. 6336 E. Broadway. Info, 790-8333.

Etherton/Stern Gallery

Feb. 1-Mar. 11

New paintings by Margaret Bailey Doogan (famed for her Punch & Judy series); Judith Golden's new mixed media photographs; and Susan Kay Johnson's sculptures. If you haven't been at their new location, it's worth the trip. Odd Fellows Hall, 135 S. 6th Ave. Ample parking. Info, 624-7370.

Ground Zero Gallery

Where art tends toward the offbeat. At presstime show wasn't determined, but there's always something to debate. 222 E. Congress. Tues.-Fri., noon-4 p.m. Sat., 7-10 p.m. Also by appt. Info, 624-5106.

Grygutis & Harris Fine Arts
Through Feb.

Jim and Betty Jo Grygutis and Joe Harris have a new gallery (far from the "arts district") specializing in fine metal and glass artwork. Includes sculptures, containers and wallpieces. 3648 East Ft. Lowell. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sat., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Info, 881-0711.

John Doe

Another gallery is taking a chance on Congress St. and the owner asks to hear from visual and performance artists who want the world to see what their inner souls are creating. 210 E. Congress St. Info, 798-3611.

Mary Peachin's Art Company
Feb. 1-28

Featuring the handpainted lithographs of Larry Fodor at 3955 E. Speedway. Info, 881-1311, or visit her gallery in the lobby of the Sheraton El Conquistador.

Mesquite Grove Gallery

Through Feb.

Patagonia's Mesquite Grove Gallery opens its 1989 season with "Modern Masks, Modern Shields." Featuring handmade contemporary masks and shields interpreted by numerous gallery artists. Wed.-Sat., 11 a.m.-4 p.m. and



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sculptures by 140 artists of local, national and international acclaim. All works will be 9x12" or smaller and depict western subjects, wildlife and landscapes, still-lifes and portraiture. See the world through Munchkin eyes. 6420 N. Campbell Ave. Info, 299-2607.

Tohono Chul Park
Through Feb. 19
"Paper Transformations: Works by Five Tucson Women." Exhibiting are Susan Beck Conaway, Barbara Kennedy, Pamela Marks, Gertrude Wait and Gayle Wimmer. The paper trail examines how to manipulate, weave and sculpt in a medium we take for granted.
Through Feb. 27
Kirlian photographs entitled "Drawn by Light: Works by Roxanne Malone." Malone's photographs make use of organic and geometric imagery, resulting in a collage of overlapping, transparent colors, forms and textures. A.k.a. high voltage photography. Donations suggested. 7366 N. Paseo del Norte. 742-6455.

Tucson Museum of Art
Closing Feb. 2

The annual Nacimiento exhibit—the traditional Mexican Nativity scene has been completely remodeled this year. Guest curator Maria Luisa Tena's installation contains more than 100 terra cotta Mexican miniatures, arranged in over twenty

different scenes which tell the Bethlehem story in a 19th century Mexican rural setting. Free admission.
Closing Feb. 5

UA Art Department's Moira Marti Geoffrion is featured in this contemporary series. Geoffrion combines branch forms with drawings and paintings, creating a sculptural installation in the lower gallery. Dancers perform in the space throughout the exhibition.
Closing Feb. 5

Andree Richmond's clay work and Kelly McLain's glass work displayed in the museum shop.

Feb. 17-Apr. 9
An exhibition surveying western painting and sculpture from the earliest explorers to the modernists.
Feb. 18-Apr. 9

Entitled "Gerry Peirce Prints: Selections From the Tucson Museum of Art's Permanent Collection." Forty prints and watercolors drawn from the Peirce collection, including aquatints, mezzotints, line drawings and watercolors conveying strong feelings for the deserts of the Southwest.

Feb. 17-Apr. 9
Brooklyn-born artist Joseph DiGiorgio continues the tradition of artist John James Audubon, George Catlin and Albert Bierstadt with his heroic vision of the Grand Canyon—his 120-ft. mural uses pointillism to depict light changes in a 24-hour period. Might make you want to take a trip to see the real thing. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues., 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., 1-5 p.m. Adm. charge. 624-2333.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery
Feb. 11-Mar. 6

Carol Martin Davis displays photographs that look like wild kaleidoscopes. Her excuse? She's from northern California where they see things differently. Regular Student Union Bldg. hours. Info, 621-3546.

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WHERE TO HOWL

UA Joseph Gross Gallery

Closing Feb. 3

Bert Brouwer's large fantasy paintings and drawings in the full rainbow spectrum. He's also the visiting artist for the month and conducts workshops at UA. He won't miss the cold in Redding, Pennsylvania.

Feb. 6-Mar. 9

Don Reitz, internationally known clay artist and professor, specializes in large sculptural vessels. On view are new works. Reception, Feb. 17 from 6-8 p.m. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 621-7570.

830 Gallery

Through Feb.

See the art emerging from young minds in this strictly student-run gallery. Info, 621-1251.

UA Museum of Art

Through Feb. 7

Lithographs by Bruce Nauman.

Through Feb. 14

Landscapes from the 1960s through the 1980s from local collections, including works by Michele Stuart, Fairfield Porter, Jim Waid and others.

Feb. 17-Mar. 9

Entitled "All Fired Up." A statewide juried show in the versatility of clay — sculptural to thrown, stoneware to raku, enamels to watercolor, the gigantic to the minute, the functional to the whimsical. Reception, Feb. 17 from 6-8 p.m. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun., noon-4 p.m. 621-7567.

UA Rotunda Gallery

Through Feb. 5

Entitled "Dialectic Urbicultural Moments in Behaviorism." Whew! D.P. Warner and Bryan Horner (UA MFA candidates) display borderline environmental artwork a cross between construction artwork and — actually, they can't be categorized.

Feb. 8-Mar. 5

Nevada artist Leslie P. Barta's photo collages concerned with visual and language metaphor. Enter a weird state of mind. Regular building hours. Info, 621-1414.

UA Union Gallery

Closing Feb. 1

Paintings by Betina Fink, Wayne Crandall, Patricia Donahue and Barbara Fisher exhibited in a mostly abstract and figurative show. Punchy

colors, youthful ideology
Feb. 17-Mar. 9
There are so many ceramic artists in Tucson they formed a club: The Southern Arizona Clay Artists. Their fifth annual show includes works by Maurice Grossman, Marcy Wren, Kevin Osborn, Anne Mulford, Andree Richmond, David Aguirre, Susan Gamble, Gail Roberts and bunches of others. UA Student Union, main floor. Reception, Feb. 17 from 6-8 p.m. Mon.-Fri., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m. Info, 621-3546.

Yuma Art Center
Through Feb. 15
Tempe artist Susan Furini's creative installation. Observe Furini working as the piece is in progress. South Alter Gallery, 281 Gila Street, Yuma. Info, 1-783-2314.

Got an event you'd like people to know about? Please send the information to Calendar Editor Laura Greenberg in writing at least six weeks before the publication date (please include phone number). Sorry, we can't take this type of information over the phone.

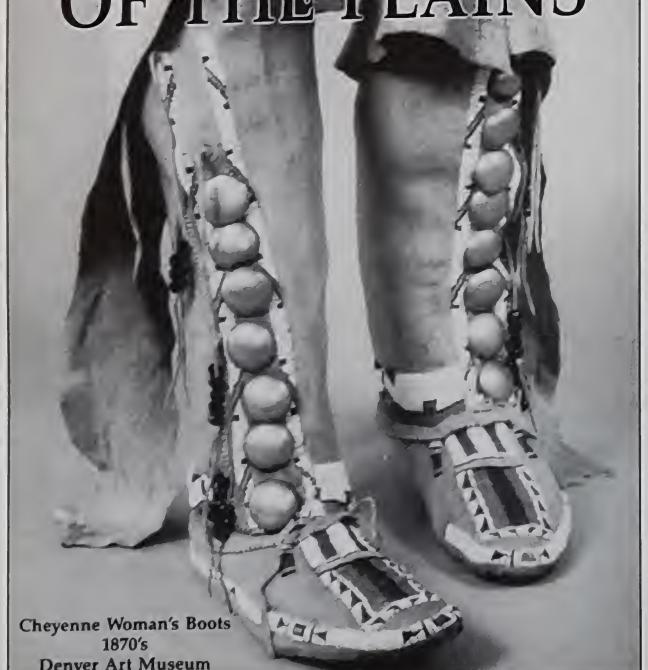


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E A T

FRANZI GOES OAT BRAN

Well, at least he bellied up to the low-cholesterol bar and found some truffles.

BY EMIL FRANZI



Lois McLane

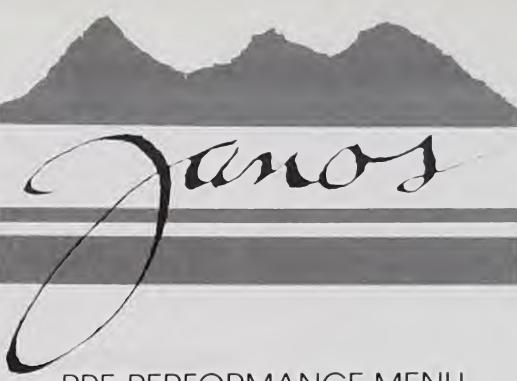
I'm announcing three major behavior modifications. I haven't inhaled a cigarette, run a political campaign or been on a government payroll since last summer. Now that I am partially rehabilitated, this rag can quit billing me as "political guru" and use something more civilized, like "carwash mogul" or maybe "social critic."

No hard feelings about any of it—born again non-smokers and ex-political junkies are pains. Besides, I still smoke cigars, searching for the longevity given Churchill, Groucho and George Burns. Best part of it is that being out of the local political stuff means you have no reason to buy the two dailies, which gives me a lot more money to invest in serious publications of lasting value like *Guns and Ammo* and *Shotgun News*.

Not paying attention means I just

found out the Supes are ready to go with that long-awaited Comprehensive Plan on land use. The whole process should take about two weeks. You ask Estes, Westinghouse and the rest of the biggies what they want, when and where, fill the rest of us in around them, and just add three votes. Only delay could come if a major absentee landlord was on vacation or otherwise unavailable to approve the final version. Reality therapy for all you tree-huggers and neighborhood types: check the 1988 election results. You lost.

While on the subject of losing and counting, latest yuppie health fad would appear to be doing that with cholesterol. To report on this search for open arteries (no, not the road tax), Iggy dispatched me and Kathy to the Fine Food Festival sponsored by the American Heart Association and held

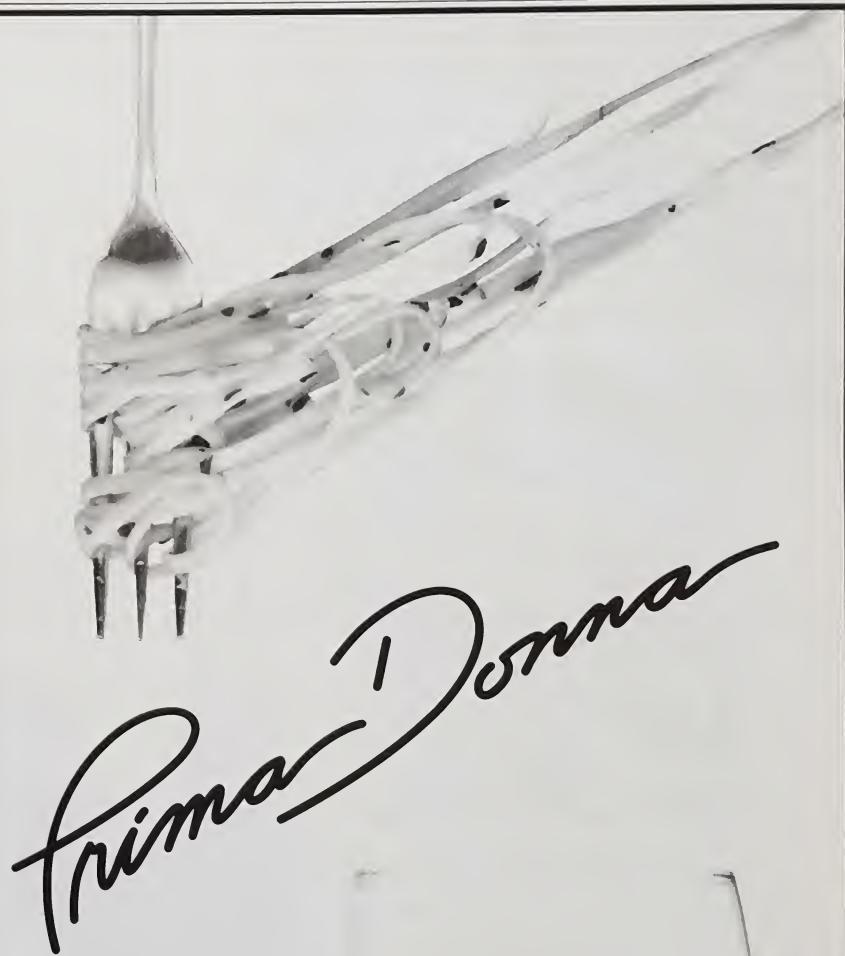


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Brad Hansel / Egin Photography

EAT

a while back at Ventana. This weren't redneck, but I guess he figured Cheek might take it seriously.

There were thirty-two participants in this well-attended buffet gala and some of them actually took it seriously, in a few cases along with themselves. Of course, I'm no one to give advice on the subject, but I happen to believe that there's sufficient evidence proving cholesterol along with a bunch of other stuff is genetic. I've always wondered why countries with a high level of fat consumption like Denmark and Austria produce higher life expectancies than low-fat places like Bangladesh. Cholesterol is not much of a health issue this week in the Sudan.

I can't figure out why yups are worried about it because most of them eat at places that serve portions so small, the only health problem they might contract is malnutrition.

Of the thirty-two participants, eight of them weren't restaurants. Four were booze distributors of some type, for which wife and I were grateful, while the others purveyed coffee, ice cream, chocolates and popcorn. Space and kindness to folks who might have been having a bad night prohibit a full review of all the players, so here's the highlights as I tasted them. Suffice, however, that I knew that either the principle was unsound or there was bigotry afoot, as not one chef was trying out low-fat Mormon gravy.

ETHNIC FOOD

Largest group present was WASP, followed

by Mexican and Italian with three each, and Chinese, Cajun and French with one apiece. Chinese entry consisted of a steam table with normal Chinese food, several varieties. Only thing abnormal for Tucson was quality — offerings from the Great Wall of China, 2445 S. Craycroft, were excellent and proved this elusive commodity could exist here. Cajun article from Jerome's, 6958 E. Tanque Verde, was limited to crackers carrying smoked tilapia (an African fish that

N. Oracle, came up with a superb ceviche, and even though I consider them more gringo than really Mexican, I got to report that Los Mayas, 4280 N. Campbell, had a wonderful chicken mole and an even greater shrimp quesadilla. The Italians were in real trouble with this, which is hard to imagine. A jug of Ragu, a box of Ronzoni and a bottle of Gallo and you're way ahead of what half the world calls "cuisine." Fortunately, Joe Elefante and the gang at Mama

Louisa's saved my people's honor with a multiple-use pasta bar, your choice of six sauces (more, I am told, are available at the buffet lunch served at the Campbell store). Joe's got this one figured out. If you want to starve yourself, that's your option. If you want to eat like a real person, that's OK, too. Ain't nobody ever been short-changed at Mama Louisa's in either quantity or quality.

There were more surprises. Canyon Ranch Spa, 8600 E. Rockcliff Road, doesn't sound like the place to go for magnificent cioppino, but there it was.

The same with Mexican corn soup from the Solarium, 6444 Tanque Verde — they also got my vote for the most smart, because their staff found out which wine merchant was overpouring. Fortunately, I already had spotted this, so we had a great time. And of surprise to anyone should be the greatness displayed as usual by the staff of Charles, alternating two chicken dishes, the names of which escape me (Solarium, above, for reason).

The omission of compliments to any participants

I can't figure out why yups are worried about cholesterol because most of them eat at places that serve portions so small, the only health problem they might contract is malnutrition.

tastes sort of like trout and is raised in hatcheries in Arizona) in a cilantro cream sauce. Good stuff but I imagine this would be a tough gig for the average Cajun place — you ever see a skinny Cajun cooking on Channel 6? Penelope's, 3619 E. Speedway, tried too hard with a chicken paté, which shouldn't damage her otherwise fine reputation, as paté has always meant "sausage" to me in French. Mexican stuff was all-around best. El Parador, 2744 E. Broadway, kept it simple with great chicken fajitas; La Fuente, 1749



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should not be misconstrued as a negative, as I believe more folks showed up than were expected, causing several servers to run out early and precluding some of us from trying everything. Either that, or the heart association is inviting the wrong people and everybody pigged out and said to hell with the cholesterol count. As an example (and I meant to close with dessert) Truffles by James, 6334 E. Broadway, produced one very fine low-count chocolate — and a whole bunch of regular ones. People were not only scarfing these by the handful, as was I, but they were slipped into everything from purses to suit pockets. They were wonderful, but how fifteen or twenty of 'em are supposed to make you healthier beats me.

CHINESE BUFFET UPDATE

Gourmet of China, 7707 E. Broadway. \$3.99, extra for drink. Well worth it. Largest selection in town, housed in largest buffet room in town. Noses out Golden Phoenix, 2854 E. 22nd, although the latter still holds the best egg roll title.

BREAKFAST UPDATE

Stormin' Norman took it in the shorts — the IRS got to him before *City Mag* could save him. Bye-bye trout and eggs. So add for a great breakfast the Mountain View at 1220 E. Prince. 7 a.m. onward daily to 11 — how about your choice of bratwurst, smoked or fresh Polish with eggs, muffin/toast and best hash browns in town for \$4.25? Those Milwaukee snowbirds know how to eat. □

Emil Franzi is more fun to be near since he gave up smoked-filled rooms and got into a cleaner line of work. Oh yeah, now he is a social critic.

Nu REVUES

Scordato's

4405 W. Speedway

I have a couple of friends who lament that the Italian/Continental fare here, in deference to winter visitors, is too safe, too subtly spiced. But c'mon! Only a grinch could fail to have a memorable, elegant time at this room with a view, nestled in the Tucson mountains and featuring food and service that merited it the prestigious Holiday/Travel Award in 1988 for "the great restaurants of the world." This is an institution, associated in my mind with birthdays, New Year's eves and other very special events. Yet as classy as it is, it is also a place that never condescends or makes you feel less than welcome — it is perfectly at ease with the sometimes casual Tucson lifestyle. Service at this original Scordato's is attentive and skillful, but not pretentious (we like to get crew-cut "Sarge," who has been waiting on us for years).

If you ever considered hiring a limo for a night on the town, *this* should be your destination. But even in your regular old car, the drive up from town is part of the fun. We like to arrive a few minutes early and have a glass of champagne at the bar, while we wait for a window booth in the romantically lighted dining room, with its beautiful brocade chairs and wall hangings. In years of dining here, I have to admit I've been an unbending creature of habit. I always start with an appetizer of fat mushroom caps stuffed with savory, buttery bread crumbs (\$4.50). Then it's Caesar salad for two, expertly prepared at table side, piled high with tender romaine leaves and toothy croutons, and generously dressed (\$9). For an entrée, I choose between the Scaloppini Alla Marsala (melt-in-my-mouth veal with a dark sauce of marsala wine and mushrooms, \$14.50) and the Scampi Alla Marinara (a plateful of plump shrimps sautéed in a mild sauce of fresh tomatoes, onions and Italian spices,



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EAT

\$15.50). Somehow, you still must find room for the best dessert in town: The "Dolce de Patrizia," a fluffy and airy yellow cake, moistened just enough by vermouth and a chocolate filling (\$3). Of course, a cup of cappuccino or a snifter of cognac are de rigueur at this point, as well. With a (relatively) inexpensive bottle of wine, expect to drop most of a hundred-dollar bill for this meal, for two people.

So, you say you'd rather choose your own menu selections and develop your own Scordato's traditions? Fair enough. I can tell you the appetizers (all under \$10) include fresh clams Casino, Escargot Francaise, antipasto and Fettuccine Alfredo. Among the seafood entrees are fresh fish of the day, cioppino, and linguine with clam sauce. Veal can be had simmered in a tomato and wine sauce; dipped in egg batter and pan sauteed; sauteed with prosciutto, cheeses and marinara; served with eggplant; etc. Poultry dishes include duck in Grand Marnier sauce or breast of chicken with mozzarella and prosciutto sauteed in a white wine sauce. There's even a Steak Scordato. Entrees range in price from \$9.95 to \$17.95; lobster tail is "current market price."

All major credit cards; local checks with bank guarantee cards; reservations definitely suggested. 792-3055.
— Hungry Heart

Geronimoz Geronimo Hotel, University and Euclid

It was as wintry a day as we ever see: a heavy gray blanket low-down in the sky. A fierce wind that chilled me through and through as I stood at the gas station pumping unleaded. Maybe that's why I loved the Geronimoz bar when I saw it — a long, inviting wall, the perfect place to while away the late afternoon over a cup of jo or a hot toddy. The thing about this bar is its long, stylish band of glowing pink crystal, illuminating bottles of imported beer, fancy liquors and stacks of glistening wine glasses. I liked the feel.

But I really didn't have the time to while: this was a fuel stop, so I settled for the restaurant side and raced through the menu. Gourmet pizzas, including the "Tucsonan" (marinated chicken breast, red and green peppers, lime and peanuts) or the "Geronimoz" (chorizo, jalapeños, cilantro and salsa). Create-your-own pizzas, \$1 per item on a \$5.75, tomato-and-cheese base. Calzone, tortellini carbonara, burgers, sandwiches. I should have tested the "high-energy salad" of mushrooms, cucumbers, tomatoes, avocado, carrots, red onion, spinach and mixed greens with raisins, sunflower seeds and croutons (\$4.25). (Ever since those damn stories about "mysterious, chronic yuppie flu" began proliferating in the mass media, I've felt like I could use a little extra oomph myself). But this was a soup day, so I opted for a steaming bowl of chicken broth with tortilla chips, melted jack cheese, salsa and avocado (\$2.75). A rewarding choice — it was spicy/hot, thanks in part to a slice of fresh jalapeño drifting on top. With the basket of homemade breadsticks — addictive and surprising, they taste kinda like *sopapillas* — the soup was more than enough food. But I didn't realize this in advance, so I'd also ordered a dinner salad. At \$1.95, it was generous and colorful, with purple onion, red cabbage, cheddar and mozzarella cheese, and a fine herbed vinaigrette on the side. A very good lunch, for about five dollars.

Since that was my only time, I quizzed a colleague who's dined at Geronimoz more than once. He enthusiastically recommends the tortellini carbonara, but has one suggestion for the kitchen after sampling the "Four Seasons" pizza of ham, tomato, clam and mushroom. He reports that it comes with each ingredient mounded on a separate section of the pizza. That's an attractive presentation if you are eating it alone, but real annoying if you're sharing, he notes.

Open seven days a week, 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Park in the lot behind the Geronimo center and get your ticket validated by 623-1711.

— Hungry Heart

Le Bistro 2574 North Campbell

Campbell Avenue between Grant and River is turning into another Tucson Restaurant Row, thanks especially to Southwest Trends Restaurants' spectacular empire at St. Philip's Plaza — Terra Cotta, Los Mayas, and Prima Donna. Now, Mi Casa

Painted Desert, that wonderful Southwest nouvelle place, has closed its original location off the Tanque Verde strip and is moving to Campbell Village (watch for it early this year). And Nate's, the deli restaurant at Broadway/Swan, is opening a second shop in one of those new centers on the west side of Campbell.

Meanwhile, one of the earliest spots to start this whole chic Campbell trend, Katherine & Company, has changed hands. George Badoux, the Belgian chef formerly of Cafe Sweetwater, went to work for Katherine about a year ago, and now has taken over her Campbell location (she still has the restaurant on Tanque Verde), transforming it into Le Bistro. Working feverishly in the wee hours, after the restaurant has closed for the day, George and company have thoroughly redecorated the place, adding carpet, mauve paint, glitz wallpaper and dining space. They've also made the booths more comfortable. The owner/chef, who personally seated us, is very excited and proud.

The luncheon menu (we haven't yet been there for dinner) bears a few similarities to Katherine's — and Sweetwater, for that matter — in the types of foods offered: salads, sandwiches, hot entrees, daily specials, premium wines by the glass. But it has been expanded, and the choices are different, including Mediterranean salad, duck liver paté on French baquette, and tri-colored pasta dishes. On the day we visited, the specials included a sole entree, a cold pasta salad in a Milanese tomato sauce, and chicken salad in a spicy mayonnaise and onion dressing. We both went with the blackened-chicken salad off the regular menu. It comes as a whole, tender breast filet served on greens, in a creamy honey-jalapeño dressing, with fruit and fresh-baked rolls (these are especially good) on the side, for \$6.95. The goodies in the glass dessert case appear the very same as Katherine's offered, by the way, so we can all still get our chocolate "fixes."

Open 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m. M-Th; until 11:30 p.m. Fri. and Sat.; closed Sunday. After theatre salad and desserts served on weekend nights. Visa, MC, personal checks with guarantee card. Wheelchair access. 327-3086.

— Hungry Heart

Segovia's
3156 E. Ft Lowell Rd.

We were excited when we saw the fancy new Mexican place going up in our neighborhood. We don't exactly live on S. 6th, but we figured we had as good a chance as anybody to get the next *El Torero* right in our own backyard. It was so close we decided to walk the night of our first visit, even though it was barely thirty degrees out. Our breaths made steam clouds, our tennies smacked the asphalt, we turned the corner: *El Changarro*, the neon lights declared, and then in little painted letters, *Distinctive Decor and Fine Furnishings*. It was a furniture store!

Fortunately, there was another little Mexican restaurant in the area that we had never tried — not quite walking distance, but still close. Squeezed into a little storefront in the shopping center on the southeast corner of Country Club and Ft. Lowell, *Segovia's* looked about as low budget and unassuming as you can get. Very clean, however, and super-friendly service right off the bat. Order at the counter, get served at your table. What's included in the combination dinners, we asked. Choose two of the following: beans, rice or *calabacitas*, a mild concoction of squash, corn and other stuff, unique and very good. Plus guacamole comes with everything. The Carne Asada turned out to be a well-seasoned, medium-sized steak with a fresh, chunky salsa to pour over the top, and the big, red chile chimichanga ordered by one of our party drew a series of passionate raves before it vanished utterly and completely without a trace. The bill came to less than eight dollars apiece with soft drinks and a big cheese tostada to start.

Among the listed beverages were Horchata, Tamarindo and Jamaica. I've seen this trio of authentic, south-of-the-border soft drinks in a handful of little Mexican places around town lately. Try one sometime. They're very sweet, uncarbonated, and obviously made from strange tropical fruits and flowers: Tamarind pods, Hibiscus flowers, who knows? Very unusual for the American taste-bud, to be sure, but rewarding for the intrepid and curious. Lunch and dinner, M-Sat. MC, Visa, checks with guarantee. 795-6696.

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Bill Ray

'TREACHEROUS' CURRENT

*The lower Colorado is still mighty
—mighty ugly.*

By Charles Bowden

Of all the greater American rivers, the least known is probably the mighty Colorado of the West. Passing, as it does, through hundreds of miles of enormous cañons, of which the only one ever heard of by the average person is the famous Grand Cañon; the hundreds of miles of the bare desolation of the Mojave and Colorado deserts.... [T]he ever flowing red stream... the narrow strip of vegetation... hinterland and desolation upon either side of it.

—*Los Angeles Times*, June 8, 1902

The woman glides by on the prow of the speedboat, her bare breasts glowing in the sun, her eyes half closed and head tilted back with the studied ease of a starlet. We are just below Topock Gorge in Havasu national wildlife refuge, and she is perhaps best seen as one

more fauna along with the great blue herons, ducks and egrets. The driver of the boat has one hand on the wheel, the requisite large sunglasses of river boredom masking his face. It is a hundred degrees on a Saturday afternoon, and we are a few miles into a two-hundred mile paddle from Needles, California, to Yuma, Arizona, a trip down a famous dead river, the Colorado. The current moves at five miles an hour, the speedboat zips along upstream with just enough arrogance to rock the canoes with its wake, the reddish rock of the gorge spins in some molecular time warp all its own, and the birds, the large creatures huddling in this semi-protected fragment of what was once a great river... well, they march to a clock we barely comprehend. There are also happy warriors on jet skis, an endless stream of flashy powerboats, all the little clues that it is 1988 and velocity is the drug of choice.

The Colorado below the canoe is a given, a thing Wallace Stegner wrote off years ago as just plumbing, a sludge of water Philip Fradkin described in his encyclopedic work on the stream as *A River No More*. "The lower Colorado," he concluded, "is much like a set of liquid steps, a slow, drawn out descent into the dry sandbox of the delta." In 200 miles we will portage five dams, stare down at miles of sterile water almost bereft of fish, glide between banks lined with levees like a canal, in short take a ride in a tank of fluid where movement is dictated by the needs of farmers in the Imperial Valley, or a toilet in Los Angeles, and where the notion of natural flow was slaughtered off decades ago. This river is now a pipe complete with faucets, the whole enterprise driven by technicians watching dials and printouts in Boulder City, Nevada, next to Hoover Dam, the great cork that laid the Colorado in its grave a half-century ago. Thirty miles downstream the California aqueduct on one shore sucks out the water to slack the thirst of Los Angeles, and on the other shore at the mouth of the Bill Williams, the Central Arizona Project's monster intake swallows a million acre feet more that will be mainlined into the veins of Phoenix and Tucson.

We know what has happened to the river—it is all in the books. In fact, we are experts on dead rivers—we've got the skeletal remains of the Santa Cruz, the anorexic, cement-corseted torso of the Rillito back in Tucson and when we go to Phoenix we get to zip over the ghost of the Gila baking in the sands. Basically, folks in the Southwest have kept pace with the nation as a whole—at present we've got 600,000 miles of rivers in the country backed up behind dams. For every mile we save with The Wild and Scenic Rivers Act, we destroy seventy-five miles. It may take a little while, but if we keep at it we will kill them all off. So just be patient.

But what we want to know about the murder of the Colorado is how it

feels at five miles an hour, shoulders aching, as a canoe slides slowly down the strangled gullet of the once famous stream. We want to examine the big killing, the Southwest's crime of the century. And for this one, they've never hung up a wanted poster on the post office wall.

There are other agendas. Diane Boyer rides with the diaries of her great-grandfather and great-grandmother. They went down the river more than eighty years before and we follow their wake through the noise of the engines screaming around us. Diane, twenty-seven, has this idea that she can somehow get a handle on her ancestors' experience if she chases them down the corridors of time. Godfrey Sykes, her great-grandfather, rode into Arizona Territory in 1886, ranched around Flagstaff, designed and built the observatory there for Percy Lowell (the mad Brahmin who pursued his singular vision of canals on Mars), and eventually drifted into Tucson where he became instrumental in the success of the Desert Laboratory on Tumamoc Hill, the first such center of its kind on the surface of the earth.

Sykes was a singular man. He would toil in Flagstaff, stack up some money, and then head for Needles, where he would squat for weeks, build a boat and then sail down into the Gulf of California. On one trip in the 1890s, he was making dinner about a hundred and fifty miles or so below Yuma on the parched Baja side when his ship burned up in a flash. He then walked all those waterless miles back to Yuma. His quirks became part of his legend: he never wore a hat. The house he constructed at the base of Tumamoc is now the Jane Goodall Institute. His sons Glenton and Gilbert carried on the family tradition of wandering the hot dry ground and now Diane is the fourth generation of this remarkable strain of desert rats.

In the diary of one of his trips, Godfrey is married, his wife Emma is along, his two boys, one a toddler, the other a baby, and his brother Stanley. The baby is sick. Emma keeps making jam puffs for dinner. In another he is on the Weary Willie, a twenty-three-foot yawl. Always the Colorado rolling below the planks of the homemade craft is wild, free and red. The boat tends to run aground and Godfrey and Stanley have words with each other. It is all there on the page.

The blonde riding on the prow of the speedboat looks neither to the right or the left. She seems not to breathe, her breasts ride like nameplates. She has the assurance of a queen.

Paddling with Diane is Martin Turner and in another canoe are his parents Ray and Jeanne. Ray Turner is another time warp all his own. He is the product of Forrest Shreve, the Southwest's greatest ecologist and the man who worked at Tumamoc with Godfrey inventing the ground floor of our scientific understanding of the



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Sonoran Desert. In fact Shreve invented the idea of the Sonoran Desert. Turner, now in his sixties, still works at Tumamoc, and is, with the late Rod Hastings, a co-author of one of the few important books ever scribbled in the Southwest, *The Changing Mile*, a word and picture tour of wrenching alterations in the landscape over the past century. And in my canoe is Bill Broyles, an English teacher at Rincon High School who has probably logged more miles walking around the desert than anyone else in Tucson.

We all look over as the blonde with the bare breasts storms past and heads upstream. The rolled-down suit is red, the skin almost alabaster. The breasts have the gravity defying knock of silicon, but what is striking is the expression on her face. It is blank, like a check where you get to fill in the amount.

On the second night we camp on the lower reaches of Lake Havasu. The water is very clear and almost empty of life. Since the great dam building binge on the Colorado, eight species of fish have either become extinct or endangered and their replacements — trout, tilapia, stripers — scramble to find niches in the new waters. Sometimes they fail. As one sportsman who had tried Lake Havasu put it, "It's like fishing on the moon."

Coyotes howl in the desert hills and a skunk strolls through after dusk. Water skiers have some cool ones in the

coves along the shore and their voices crackle in the night. Fifteen miles up the lake, London Bridge, imported block by block by the McCulloch Corp., spans an artificial channel.

The lower Colorado River is long past any debate. It simply is a new kind of river, a man-made machine. Sometimes during the day the water drops four or five feet because technicians decide it should. Sometimes during the night water rises four or five feet because technicians decide it should. For centuries we have waged a war against the natural world to drive darkness from the night, famine from the harvest, the wolf from the door, and the fury of wild rivers from our lives. There are theories that somewhere buried deep in the Judeo-Christian tradition of the West is a fierce hatred of nature. On the other hand, there are polls that tout the high opinion Americans have of wilderness, the environment, whales, redwoods, tumbling streams pouring out of rocky canyons. None of this debate matters much on the hundreds of miles of the lower Colorado. This place knows what we do — not what we believe, or hope, or wish, or claim, or assign to our creeds and gods. Here we have won. Now we must live with victory.

As Arleigh B. West, the regional director of the Bureau of Reclamation put it in 1968:

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cerning our river program. The uninitiated assert that the river must be left in its natural state. The basic truth is that the lower Colorado River is now a stream wholly controlled by man. It was in its natural state, or nearly so, prior to closure at Hoover Dam. Try as anyone will, it cannot be characterized other than as a fully controlled river.... The river's flow can be manipulated in the same fashion as the garden hose on the tap outside your home, and is.

Or, as the Bureau explained once, the channel has been changed "from a natural looking stream to something resembling a canal in appearance." Below Hoover, the best estimates claim only eighty-seven miles of river with natural shore. As we paddle, this seems like a very generous estimate.

It is night and Diane reads the old diaries by flashlight. Godfrey has come upon a Mexican rafting down the stream. The crude craft is made of reeds, the platform about eight feet across and carrying a cargo of squash, melons and hay. He could be on the Nile in the time of the Pharaohs. Diane huddles over the pages, the halogen light riding in a sleek aluminum case, the voice of Godfrey describing a river that has long ceased to exist and will not return again until the beaten Colorado rises from its tomb and crumbles all the dams and locks and levees into

dust. A thing it will surely do someday since rivers, like God, have all the time in the world. Engineers and the rest of us are merely visitors here on a kind of day pass.

Arizona is a haunted house where the dead rest uneasily and keep coming back. If you are not careful, you will fall through some trapdoor in the floor and spin backwards through time, even when traveling on a mutilated victim of our pious butchery like the lower Colorado. In that faint gray light before

face. You sip the bitter drink in the metal cup, stare into the gray tones and cannot tell what millennium it is. For a brief instant.

At first light we hear the roar of speedboats as the day's water skiing begins. We portage Parker Dam, a barrier thrown up in the thirties against Arizona's will — the governor shipped the national guard out to try and stop California's successful effort to loot the stream for Los Angeles. An old man happens by in a pickup truck. He was

the shore lined with houses and condos and marinas and saloons, the water rocking with the fury of skiers and jet skis.

One establishment sports a facade mimicking storefronts of the Wild West. The sign announces, WET T-SHIRT CONTEST, WEDS. NITE. A park ranger advises us on sane ways to avoid drowning in the maw of Headgate Dam downstream. We have paddled through about fifty miles of machines and big wakes.

"You're crazy," he says.

Rivers, like God, have all the time in the world. Engineers and the rest of us are merely visitors here on a kind of day pass.

dawn, you are lying on the sand, there is almost total silence, the air so still you think you can hear the current as it slips across the earth on its way to the sea. The fringe of tamarisk on the far shore masks the signs of man beyond, and the mountains rise, the same ridge lines Godfrey Sykes saw, the same outline Clovis man saw, the same outline that reflected once in the lens of a wooly mammoth. The aroma of the coffee floats through the cool air, caresses the

here in '34 and '35. Christ, the work was murderous, he says. He points to the headgate and rolls back in time. Men would stick their heads and arms through those metal slats, he says, and quick as the devil catch red hot rivets tossed up in the air.

Then his voice trails away. And all you can hear is the hum of the turbines as the water falls through and sheds energy in the form of electricity. The next twenty miles are the Parker Strip,

One night we camp across from a ragged bank of dirt lined with the ever present tamarisk, a species introduced around the turn of the century and one that the Bureau of Reclamation later hoped would stabilize the banks of the Colorado. The tree has flourished, squeezing out almost all the original groves of willow and cottonwood. And now the Bureau burns it, the charred shore lining the river for miles at a time, since it has been discovered that tamarisk, like other living things, requires water.

Across the river, two beavers swim in the current. Earlier in the day, five had bolted from a hole in the bank and plunged into the river. They were as surprising as finding life on Mars.

For Ray Turner, who has botanized the Southwest for decades, the trip must be a green monotony. The gallery forest that once lined the banks is long

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gone. He seems struck but not stunned by the carnage. For years he has been studying the way plants come and go in the region and he offers a story as a clue to his feelings. He has decades of photos taken in MacDougal crater, a black hole in the Pinacate region of northern Sonora. No cattle ever descend into the crater, few people visit, the whole dark bowl lives on and on as if the modern world had never come to these parts. And yet it keeps changing. The saguaros pulse in and pulse out, the creosote flourishes, then declines. Nothing stands still.

I consider his message. When the eye drifts across the river where the beavers swim against the jagged bank,

time slips, it is the early nineteenth century, Jedidiah Smith is coursing downstream with his mountain men looking for pelts, I can hear the paddles, smell the rank odors coming off the filthy rags on the trappers' bodies.

There was a very moist period, Ray explains, say from 1870 to around 1900, and the saguaros just thrived in MacDougal crater, the seeds took hold and population bloomed. And then the drought came, and the numbers declined, decade by decade. It is all in the photographs. Change.

The river sinks into night, the beavers vanish from view. Except for an occasional slap of a tail.

People have warned us about Headgate Dam. The current pulls one in, they say — somebody tubing had an unfortunate accident. We pull off in a slough next to the man-made wall across the current. An old man and his wife are camped by the reeds. He fishes at night for catfish, been coming to this spot for years. The mosquitoes feast. She says she's written three letters today. We lie on the ground next to the canoes and could be explorers probing the mysteries of an unnamed river. In the trees, it could be — then the roar of a car fills the air, racing down the highway just above our heads.

The man says the fishing is no good.

Downstream, another fisherman tells me, "If I had any luck, it would all be bad." He sits in the night in a small boat, the Coleman lantern blazing, lines over the side with smelly baits. In the morning, I see the catch, huge catfish, the head a remnant of some vanished grotesque time. The man uses sixty-pound test, his biggest fish a forty-two pounder. The current swirls behind him against a big rock bluff. These moments recur when things are quiet and people are going about some kind of life and for seconds at a time you think the river still really exists.

The trip breaks down. Diane continues charting the stream through her ancestors' diaries, Ray brightens at every tiny variation in the monotonous wall of tamarisk, everyone turns to catch a glimpse of an osprey hunting just above the waters. But the trip breaks down. The river is dead and what remains are segments of some giant corpse. We are robots paddling our craft and yet always staying in place as the levees stretch out in endless corridors. The marinas — always an inlet, then the store and cafe, cluster of trailers, coves of old people — drift by once or twice a day and the folks that live in them curse the heat, puzzle out the fishing, and feed off the satellite dishes that boom the world into their heads.

At Imperial Dam, we pull over. The official sign says, TREACHEROUS CURRENT, DANGEROUS SPILLWAY. Well, it was Mark Twain who said a man who could spell a word only one way had no imagination. Below, the river becomes slick conduits with little locks and straight banks, a bunch of pipes bleeding water off to new destinations in distant fields. One retiree in his trailer home explains the facts of life as a handyman installs a new satellite dish. The summers are hot; he put in 32,000 pounds of refrigeration in the mid-eighties to keep his tin home cool. And there is a limited social life. He's thinking of moving to Tucson for a spell, he's heard they have better singles bars.

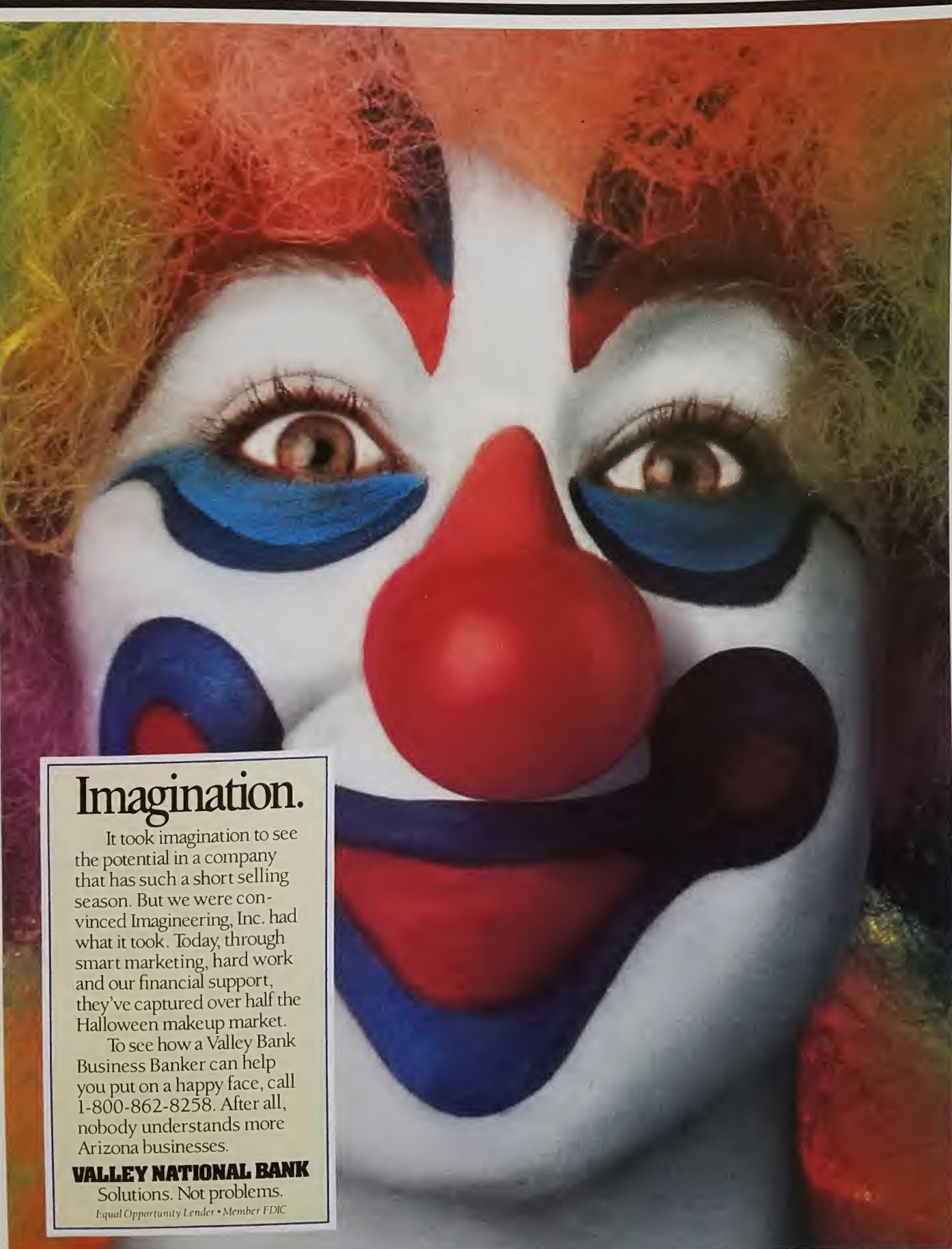
That night we sleep on a beach twelve miles above Yuma. The mosquitoes are out in force, along with Marine helicopters playing in one of their periodic war games. When Sykes came through here in the 1890s, he found the local tribesmen had just killed a shaman because too many patients had died under the wizard's care. Now the newspaper reports a new tribal development: local Indians have cut a deal with the Federal Reserve Bank in San Francisco to bury shredded money — about 40,000 pounds a week of dead greenbacks — on tribal land. The town of Yuma is upset, they figure the ink on defunct currency is rich with lead and may poison the earth. California, Oregon and Nevada have already declined to operate such a cemetery for American capitalism. Perhaps, this is how the environmental movement ends: not

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with a bang but with whimpers about the best way to bury our used-up money.

Ray tells another story. He has these photos, taken eighty-seven years ago, of a slope in southern Utah. So he went up there, and matched a modern photo exactly with the old one. In the original there are six or seven ant hills. In the new one, the same ant hills are there in exactly the same place. For most of this century, nothing, nothing at all, has disturbed or altered these communities of ants. Their insect towns look the same in the age of the space shuttle as they did in the age of Theodore Roosevelt.

That morning we slip down river to Yuma. Rusted car bodies shore up one levee. At a bend the Gila dribbles into the channel looking more like an irrigation ditch than a river. I glance over and see the thread of a beaver trail down the slope to the stream. Jets scream overhead.

The river is full of salts, toxic chemicals, the river is in a straitjacket of levees, the river is a corpse, the river is no more. That is all true. The river once roared out of its channel, chewed up the land, flooded towns, wandered about like a berserk beast. And now it purrs through turbines, expires on flat fields full of green crops, offers thousands of hours of pleasure to water skiers, powerboat enthusiasts, jet ski junkies and other addicts of Benzedrine sports. That is all true also.

Two things are clear. It is impossible to turn back the clock and undo what we as a nation have done here. But there is this second matter. It is impossible to look at what we have done and not want to turn your face away from the scene of killing. Until the darkness goes. I do not know if we as a nation can learn from our mistakes. But on the lower Colorado, we cannot fail to recognize one of them. Go take a look. There's a corpse there two hundred miles long.

A great blue heron stands on the shore. And I keep seeing that beaver trail in my mind.

To live in this haunted house we call Arizona demands continuous acts of faith that fly in the face of brutal facts. You have to believe that the savaging will end and the wounds will heal. Or as that great romantic, Winston Churchill, put it when, at eighty, he lost his job and was benched: "The day may dawn when fair play, love for one's fellow men, respect for justice and freedom, will enable tormented generations to march forth serene and triumphant from the hideous epoch in which we have to dwell. Meanwhile, never flinch, never weary, never despair."

Okay, Winnie baby, I'll give it my best shot.

Ray tells me that ever since he matched those two photos of the ant hills in southern Utah he has been real interested in ants.

I think I'll look into the matter. □

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2-7	"Adopt-A-Grandparent" Valentine Display
5	Heart Healthy Cooking
9-12	UA Fitness Program & the American Heart Association conduct healthy heart cooking demonstrations.
17-19	Southwest Professional Art Show & Sale
	Regional artists and craftspeople exhibit an array of talents and creativity.
24	Crime Prevention League Fair
25	Learn to protect your home and family. Children will enjoy touring the "Safety City".
25-26	Ford School Square Dancers
	Sahuaros Optimists Chili Cook-off
	Sample the hot and spicy southwest flavor.
25-26	5th Cavalry Memorial Regiment - A Troop
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26	"Boot Kickers" Western Line Dancers

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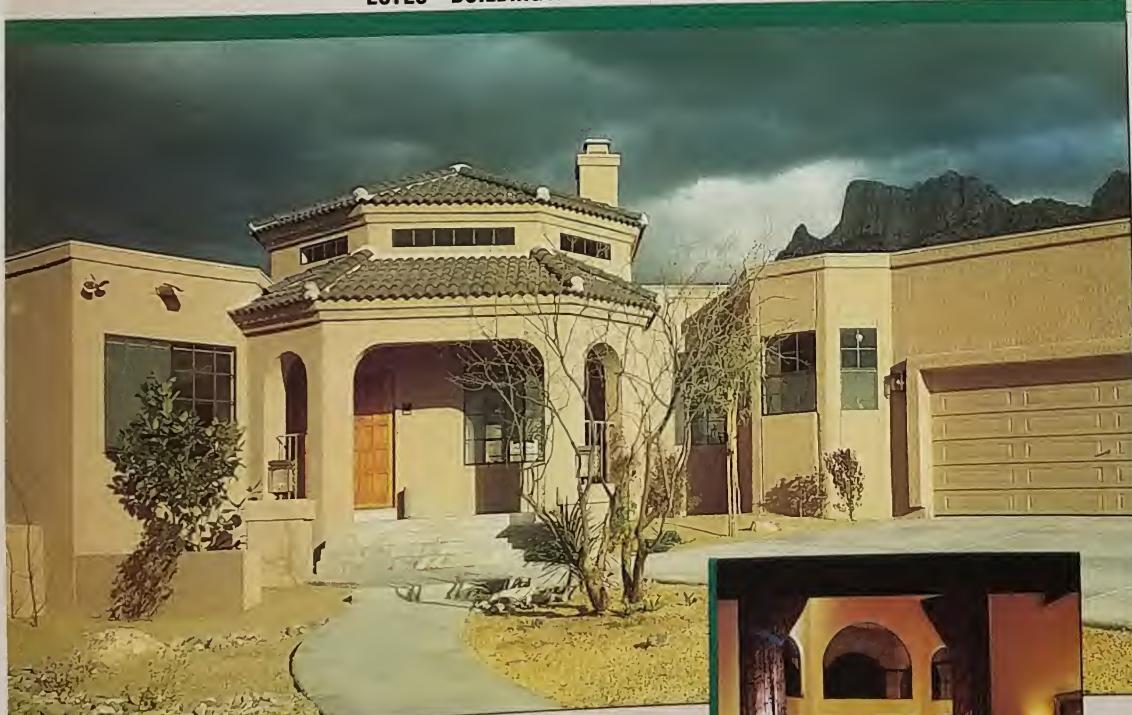
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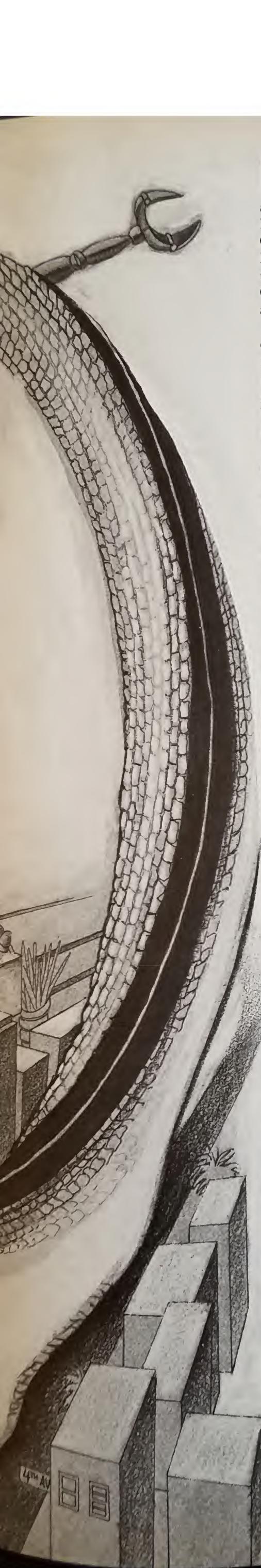
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GUESS WHO'S COMING FOR DINNER

BY NORMA COILE



JUÁREZ



It's a brisk evening in December, and Congress Street is lit up with the bright windows of clubs, studios and galleries. The downtown lawyers have gone home to El Encanto, Tucson Country Club Estates and the Catalina Foothills, and yet this symbolic heart of the city — once doomed as a daylight Civil Service ghetto — is alive again after dark.

Tonight, through this tenacious downtown renaissance, cars are making their way to City Hall, where a potentially devastating blow to Congress Street's future was long ago dealt by Tucson's mayors and councils. A proposed new six- to eight-lane parkway is scheduled to slice through downtown just north of Congress, a project costing an astonishing \$180 million for one mile of construction. No one is real sure why the road plan exists in this form, and no one seems to know how to make it go away. After years of fighting for and against freeways, Tucson may finally get one, whether it likes it or not.

No matter that many downtown residents and businesses fear the impact of this proposed Aviation Park-

road's critics — at the same time he's courting pro-parkway, business-community support for that future day when he'll probably run for the United States Congress.

The city held some 300 public hearings on the road in the early '80s; pledged to minimize its visual and noise impacts; turned the project over to the state in 1983; and reaffirmed its route by a 7-0 council vote last April. If Tucson's officials back out of their Aviation support now, the state transportation board is threatening to play hardball, demanding to be repaid up to \$60 million it has invested in engineering, design and right-of-way land. The contract to build two bridges over Aviation, at the gateway to downtown, already was awarded to a local construction company. Except for a few design issues that have been turned over to a committee, and some nagging questions about how to pay for the road's expensive downtown section, elected officials see Aviation as a "Done Deal."

Still, the uproar refuses to die. In recent weeks, a band of citizens has proposed an alternative route it de-

Highway flares light up the ice, causing people in the audience to recoil. And Williams, maniacally sawing the heart, pleads with the politicians: "Don't divide the heart of the city! Love downtown! Be kind to yourself! The heart divided means short-term profit, long-term loss! Nobody gets out alive! The arts district is dead, dead, dead!"

Larry Maucher, a state engineer on the Aviation Parkway project; works in an office off 22nd Street that is studded with railroad memorabilia. There are photos of trains on the walls, along with a framed advertisement from an old *Life* magazine for a model train set. "I'm a train freak," sighs Maucher. "Trains remind me of back when people liked transportation."

As it happens, the less-than-popular road he is working on these days follows the old Southern Pacific railroad tracks in a diagonal slash across Tucson, from a point near Davis-Monthan Air Force Base to the interstate frontage road on the north side of downtown. This mayor-and-council-approved route, by following the tracks that have essentially cut Tucson in two

NOW THAT WE'VE GIVEN DOWNTOWN SOME TASTE, AVIATION IS GONNA CHOMP IT IN HALF.

way on their lives, especially during six or more years of massive construction. No matter that some of the city's own consultants have insisted that Tucson must choose between its fledgling downtown arts district and Aviation — that it can't have both. No matter that Tucson's freeway-wary voters have been shut out of this decision.

On the city council agenda tonight are a couple of hours worth of issues, some important (should developers have to guarantee that they won't bulldoze vast swaths of desert into abandoned dust bowls?) and some petty (should council members be allowed to play for free on city golf courses?).

The Aviation Parkway, which will link downtown Tucson and Interstate 10 with the Southeast Side, is *not* on the agenda, and Mayor Tom Volgy and most of his council would dearly love to forget about it for a while. They'd like to forget it long enough for several council members to survive their 1989 re-election attempts, despite heat from both sides — the neighborhoods that are worried about Aviation, and the business establishment that wants the road on the ground, ASAP. And long enough, some people suspect, for Volgy to cluck sympathetically at the

scribes as less disruptive to downtown, and the newspapers have given it a lot of ink. Los Lasers, those local musical heroes, have rocked and rolled in a benefit concert to raise money for anti-Aviation lawsuits. There have been court battles and human-chain demonstrations. And now, tonight, a performance artist named Dennis Williams is waiting for the council to finish its scheduled business, so he can rub its noses in this freeway mess once again. Williams is a guy who writes letters to local editors, putters around town in a sixties-style van, and performs shocking skits that skewer our collective hypocrisies. At this moment, his harem-scarem hair is sticking out of a surgeon's mask, he's wrapped in green hospital scrubs, and his hands are encased in squeaky plastic gloves.

Suddenly, it's showtime. Through the council chambers, Williams pushes a metal surgical table laid out with his "patient": a huge block of ice carved in the shape of a heart and draped with a white sheet. He maneuvers it in front of the mayor and council. Now he whips off the sheet and begins slashing the icy heart with a huge, brutal saw. A red light flashes, throbbing a desperate beat. A taped siren wails away.

for decades, seems to him to be less disruptive than any other possibility.

By following the tracks Aviation will require the removal of only five houses in five miles — and for an engineer who answers his work phone with the phrase "Urban Highways," that's definitely a figure Maucher can be proud of. "That's got to be a record for an urban facility. We're taking out 500 houses with some of the [freeway] alignments in the Phoenix area."

But, as Maucher and others in his profession have discovered, there are people in Tucson who don't want to embellish that old symbolic barrier ("the wrong side of the tracks") with six to eight lanes of fast-moving, limited-access traffic. And especially when those working today on Aviation — from Maucher to the state's consultants at Parsons Brinckerhoff — can only tell us in very general terms why we need the parkway (to partially relieve the future traffic burden on Broadway and 22nd), and who exactly will use it (35,000 people headed into and out of the downtown governmental center everyday from the East Side and the central city. Only five percent of Aviation's traffic, they say, will drive the road all the way to its end, near I-10).

Maucher is a relative newcomer to the project, and refers us to Parsons Brinckerhoff on those questions; a Parsons spokeswoman counters that the traffic projections and justifications for Aviation were done years ago, by previous consultants; she refers us to the Pima Association of Governments (PAG), which refers us back to Parsons or the city.... It's as if those specific, justifying details have faded into the background over the years, as the road plan, successor to the Butterfield Expressway idea of the late '60s, has taken on a life of its own.

But the engineers and the government officials are confident of the bigger picture: That we need Aviation as

just one component of a much larger system, spelled out in PAC's Long Range Transportation Plan, that includes other limited-access roads, buses, mass transit and bicycle paths. A system, by the way, that remains unfunded, except for the east leg of Aviation from Golf Links to the entrance to downtown, which the state has pledged to pay for. Pima County's voters rejected, by a large margin in 1986, a half-cent sales-tax increase that would have raised \$5 billion over twenty years, mostly for roads. But one of these days they'll be asked again to approve the transportation tax — which will likely be necessary to pay for the controversial downtown leg of

Aviation.

"Planners, they've got to be the most frustrated people in the world," laments Maucher, "because they tell you what you need to do twenty years from now, and you don't do it."

There's a band of citizens who meet every Monday in the waning afternoon sunlight around a small table in the lobby of the historic, renovated Hotel Congress. They would undoubtedly wrestle Maucher and his fellow planners for the title of "most frustrated people." Many of them, like sculptor Barbara Grygutis, live, work or own property in the downtown area, and are worried enough about Aviation to

volunteer hours upon hours attempting to convince their government to reduce the road's scale and to alter its route. Others are veteran activists, like Pam Patton and Tres English, ever suspicious of "cement heads" and their influence on elected officials.

In November, several of these citizens were in court, watching a lawyer they paid argue, to no avail, that Aviation highway should be put to a vote of the people, under the city's "Neighborhood Protection Amendment." That city charter amendment, a citizens' initiative that was passed into law by the voters in November 1985, calls for public votes on major, limited-access roads through Tucson. However, since the city council turned over the Aviation project to state government earlier, a Superior Court judge ruled that the Neighborhood Protection Amendment does not apply to this parkway.

That ruling was not terribly surprising to Aviation's critics, although they contend that the city intentionally bucked the road to the state to deny a public vote on it (an assertion the city denies). What was shocking to many observers was the blistering ridicule the Neighborhood Protection Amendment suffered in the courtroom at the hands of the City of Tucson's lawyers — even though Volgy and the "new council" majority campaigned in 1987 as champions of neighborhoods. At one point, a city attorney suggested that asking the public to vote on a complicated road in an advanced state of engineering and design is as absurd as letting the voters decide what anesthetic Tucson Medical Center should prescribe to its patients. (The city attorneys, along with city transportation officials, "work for Bill Ealy," note a couple of city insiders, as if that is all the explanation necessary. Ealy, an assistant city manager who has always dreamed of an east-west Butterfield or Aviation Parkway across his city, as a way of making it "come of age," is compared by these insiders to a "frustrated traffic engineer.")

Nonetheless, on the afternoon of the judge's ruling against them, the beleaguered downtown activists met to look ahead, buck up, and plot new strategies. On the legal front, they plan a second lawsuit, this one in federal court, contending that Aviation stops a block or so short of I-10, dumping interstate-bound traffic there simply to avoid environmental impact statements and historic district impact studies the feds require of roads that hook up with interstates. Here, they will offer copies of city memos as the "smoking gun." In one, dated November 1984, City Manager Joel D. Valdez advises the council: "A design change is recommended for State Route 210 [now Aviation] at its western terminus near I-10. Rather than connect the parkway directly to I-10 with grade separated ramps, [city] staff recommends that [it] be merged with St. Mary's Road in the area between Granada

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Avenue and I-10. I feel this change is necessary in order to advance the State Route 210 project. The additional time and cost of fulfilling federal regulations for a new I-10 connection would likely result in an unsatisfactory solution.

On another front, these activists — often accused of being "naysayers" who don't want any growth or roads — presented the public in December with an alternative plan for Aviation they spent many months and dollars on.

They are concerned that the state's current plan for Aviation provides no vehicular (or trolley) crossing at Fourth Avenue, and thereby cuts downtown off from its trendy soulmate. They don't like the way Aviation rises to two stories at its tallest point, towering in big-city intensity, over the north edge of the El Presidio Historic District — an area, including Snob Hollow and the Corner Market, which feels almost as quaint and quiet today as it did many decades ago. They don't see why East Side traffic headed to Interstate 10 must zoom through downtown, instead of bypassing it. And they point out that downtown has changed a great deal since the city council chose Aviation's route in 1981.

The city and state set up a Citizens' Advisory Committee last year to consider these "design issues," which they insist can be worked out without changing the road's alignment. But after three meetings, the committee was locked into procedural battles and was nowhere close to doing meaningful work. Several members were convinced the group would never be taken seriously, but would simply be used to give the appearance of broad support for the existing road design. Representatives of the state transportation department deny that.

A major stickler is that the committee is not allowed to consider a new route through downtown, period. "The problem is, some of us have studied these issues, and we don't believe they can be solved without a new alignment," says Steve Leal, a landholder and renovator in the downtown area's Spring Neighborhood, and a vocal critic of Aviation. That's why the "Citizens' Alternative Plan," unveiled by Leal and others in early December, attempts to solve problems with the downtown leg of Aviation — known as the "last mile" of the parkway. It manages to take a smaller, potentially less disruptive version of Aviation through downtown by splitting the road into two legs west of Tucson Boulevard. Traffic destined for the interstate is diverted along 22nd Street, which would be widened west of Kino. (The city eventually plans to widen 22nd anyway.) This concept was developed over nearly a year by a former Pima County planner, John Jones, and an engineer, Eugene Caywood, among others.

The alternative route, which is similar to but more sophisticated than an older citizens' proposal rejected by

the city council several years ago, immediately drew strong editorial support from Tucson's largest newspaper, the *Arizona Daily Star*. Also solidly behind the alternative plan is Wanda Shattuck, a longtime Aviation opponent and an activist who enjoys definite cachet with the voters — she helped to defeat the north side Rillito Parkway, to pass the Neighborhood Protection Amendment, and to raise thousands of signatures for a buffer proposed to protect Saguaro National Monument. Shattuck remembers going downtown to matinees at the glamorous Fox Theatre, or to Jacome's Department Store with her mother, in a day when "mother would never dream of going without gloves and a hat." Shattuck has provided her coveted fund-raising list for the Neighborhood Protection Amendment to the group pushing the alternative plan, and she predicts that money can be raised, as well, from the members of the Mountain Oyster Club on Stone Avenue. Under the state's current plan for Aviation through downtown, the fabled M.O. Club — a favorite of ranchers and old-line, old-money Tucsonans — will be perched on a forty-foot dropoff, because Stone will be sunk under Aviation. Club co-founder John Goodman points out that it is located in the 100-year-old home of the Jacome family, a local treasure. And other members say Aviation "would kill the M.O."

Whether the alternative plan would pick up official support from the Fourth Avenue Merchants Association was in some doubt. Sentiment along the avenue definitely was split, with some strongly favoring the alternative plan and others lukewarm — in part because it would retain the old Fourth Avenue underpass into downtown, which some drivers consider "spooky." There were rumors that the city was attempting to buy support for the state plan by contributing to the purchase, or operation, of a rubber-tired trolley for the Avenue, but the Merchants' Association's executive director adamantly denied that.

At least one city councilman is sympathetic, and plans to support the alternative plan. "I'm convinced now that ADOT (the Arizona Department of Transportation) is not listening to the Citizens' Advisory Committee," Bruce Wheeler explains. "...I've seen their arrogance at the meetings... I feel like I've been double-crossed, let-down and lied to, and I feel the citizens have been treated far worse than I have. This controversy is not going to die."

And, since there are now "substantial rumors" that Tucson's taxpayers will have to pay for the downtown leg of Aviation, through a half-cent sales tax, "everything has changed," providing an opportunity for total reconsideration, Wheeler contends. "I took the state at their word that this would be a state-funded project."

But the two biggest players, Mayor Volgy and state transportation board

member Andrew Federhar, remained unimpressed with the alternative plan. And in these days of economic doldrums in Tucson, neighborhood champ Volgy and developers' lawyer Federhar often end up at the same meetings, working toward the same goals.

In an interview, Volgy is warm and gracious, delivering an hour-long explanation of his position in his articulate, intelligent manner. Only afterwards does it really sink in that his presentation has hardly cleared up the confusion — Who's on first? Is the ball in the state's court or the city's? Who are the voters to believe?

He talks enthusiastically about a major state highway running through the middle of downtown Seattle that's "gone, underground. They made the road disappear, and there is no disruption to the downtown." This can be achieved for remarkably little extra expense, he says, because a city or state leases the "air rights" over an underground highway, creating land that can, for example, be used for parks, public and residential structures and commercial establishments.

This, however, bears no resemblance to the Aviation Parkway model that is on display in the downtown office of the state's consultants, and has been shown off at malls. This three-dimensional, scale-model was rushed into existence last year, at an expense

that has not been totaled but will wind up "substantially higher" than \$33,000, according to the ADOT's Maucher. It shows the design, none of it underground, that resulted from years of study by the city, state and consultants, who presumably incorporated the comments from those 300 hearings and pages and pages of mitigation requirements (some seventy items in all), including landscaping, bike paths, linear parkland and sound walls, that Volgy proudly points to. The model was expedited at Volgy's urging, after he conceded that he could not actually picture what the already-approved parkway would look like. After all this, and with Federhar talking about having the downtown leg of the parkway ready for construction (though not necessarily funded) in just two years, will Aviation look like the model or not? "Boy, I hope not," Volgy answers.

Well then, is a Seattle-style triumph plausible for Tucson? "Well, it's possible," Volgy says. He mentions that the city manager's office is looking at the concept, but he also indicates that the Citizens' Advisory Committee — the same one that had to fight with the state just to win the right to elect a chairman and take votes — is expected to assume the lead on design issues. "...Whether or not [the Seattle example] is technically feasible, or how much it's going to cost, is going to take some time to work out.

"Which brings us to, for me, the

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most amazing part of the Aviation corridor issue," he continues, "which is that there is no money for [the downtown leg of] Aviation, and people are acting as if, either, it's going to be built tomorrow, or we're crazy for asking these questions because we're delaying it. Well, there is no money for it, and it's not on [the state's] five-year construction program. And we have plenty of time to address these issues, and any other alternatives that crop up."

It is appropriate for the citizens' committee, Volgy says, to study almost anything — "access issues, the number of lanes and the width of the lanes.... All the state is saying is we can't arbitrarily change the number of lanes or the width of lanes. We still have to justify it in terms of traffic flow. And the way we've been dealing with that is to say: now what happens, for example, if we put peripheral park-and-ride lots around the edges of downtown? What happens if we develop light rail [mass transit] through downtown? Do those strategies then reduce the volume of traffic?"

Aviation critics are convinced, however, that by building two bridges for Aviation near Broadway and Toole right now (the \$4 million contract was awarded to Maya Construction in December), the state is dictating the course and design of the future parkway. Both Volgy and Federhar deny this. "We dragged ADOT into a council meeting and asked that specific question," the mayor says, "and they said no, you can go ahead with that construction, and still have all these options available in terms of design considerations... including light rail down Broadway, into downtown. We have their clear commitment."

With the construction of these overpasses, though, the current, controversial alignment through downtown is set, Federhar warns. The city council, after all, reaffirmed that alignment last April, and any change would have to be dictated by that body. Nonetheless, Volgy suggests, "If you can come up with another alignment that's less expensive and works just as well, ADOT would be foolish to then continue with another alignment."

One council insider complains that Federhar, a lawyer who guards developers' interests on many local issues, "just couldn't wait to award that [bridge] contract," because he knew it would force Tucson's hand on Aviation's downtown section. And Leal charges that the Broadway-area bridges are "really bridges to the half-cent sales tax" — in other words, that these unfinished overpasses to nowhere will be hanging there, dumping Aviation traffic at the entrance to downtown, until Tucson voters who didn't want the transportation tax will vote it in just to clean up the mess.

Federhar, speaking from his highrise office downtown, heartily denies this. "Traffic into downtown all ends up at Broadway and Toole now anyway. Have you ever tried to come in there sometime in the morning? That light at Euclid, you could be backed up for two blocks. That happens all the time.... Aviation will not generate new traffic coming into downtown."

ADOT is going ahead with the Broadway-area bridges now, Volgy explains, "because they're convinced, legally, that if they don't spend the bond money that they've committed for this, then it's gone." Federhar, in a separate interview, says the state had three years from August 1987 to obligate that bond money; the contract, again, was awarded in December 1988. ADOT has collected \$80 million for the eastern portion of Aviation, from Golf Links to Broadway/Toole, he adds, "and our ability to amass again that much money in one place is going to be several years down the road. So we lose the ability to move forward with Aviation for several years, if we don't move forward with it now, as we've done."

Federhar stresses that the state is willing to be innovative in addressing design controversies, and that a vehicular crossing of Aviation at Fourth Avenue, for instance, is not only possible, but in the works. But as for Volgy's Seattle-inspired vision, he comments, "If the roadway is meant to bring people into downtown Tucson, I have a hard time understanding why you would put it underground to go through the downtown area."

As for the alternative plan proposed by downtowners and others, Volgy comments, "What I had to say to them was, 'What I see is lines on a map, I don't know whether or not those lines will work; and you haven't given me a price tag.'" Both he and Federhar pledge that ADOT will analyze the alternative plan, but so far, neither anticipates it winning out over the current one.

For one thing, Volgy voices "tremendous concerns" about diverting part of Aviation's traffic down 22nd Street. "That's one of the major reasons why we turned down the 22nd Street alignment before.... What I'm hearing from the South Side folks is that it would be a wall, shutting off our minority community from the rest of the city. And I don't want to do this in Tucson." (Interestingly, he does not refer to the current design for Aviation through downtown as "a wall.")

And Volgy says he and the council have been warned by members of the state transportation board that any change in the route chosen in 1981 will have dire consequences for city taxpayers. "They have made anywhere from \$40 million to \$60 million worth of investments into that corridor. And were we to request a change... we were liable for every single penny that's been spent so far. And that secondly, they would no longer be interested in using state funds to build Aviation. That's quite a weapon."

Shrugs Federhar, "The city wants to change its

mind, the city ought to be able to stand up to the consequences of it. I'm not sure what we would end up doing. Clearly, we're going to be out of pocket, because we've spent over \$15 million for engineering alone..."

Leal points out that most of the state's investment has been in land for right-of-way, and that "last I knew, you could still sell real estate and get your money back." But Volgy retorts that he does not want the city to go into the real estate business.

Several years ago, as a councilman, Volgy argued that the city had "an ethical obligation" to put Aviation to the voters, but the old council did not back him up. Now, knowing that city taxpayers might have to pay back \$40-\$60 million, Volgy claims it would be fiscally irresponsible to put this parkway to a public vote. Does he believe the voters want it, considering that they've soundly defeated the Rillito Parkway, the Speedway Tunnel and the half-cent sales tax since 1984? "The last time I saw a survey, a majority of the public supported the concept of Aviation.... I think roads go down in this community [only] when there has not been the best possible attempt to mitigate impacts."

And without a revamped half-cent sales tax formula — or some similar funding mechanism that will have to be approved by the voters — Volgy does not expect the downtown portion of Aviation to be built, anyway. "So that's when people are going to get their say," he says. But Federhar contends the downtown portion of the parkway will be built, with or without voter approval of a transportation sales tax. There will be money eventually, he suggests, whether from the feds, the state or the city.

Pressed, even the mayor concedes, finally: "The last mile [through downtown] is going to have to be built, sooner or later, in some configuration."

"It's getting kind of depressing," sighs state Rep. John Kromko, who hates the plan for Aviation through downtown. "I think 'the boys' are under orders to build this road. Because you think of: what could the people do to stop this? There doesn't seem to be anything."

And who are these "boys" that want this road so badly? "Just the usual heavy-hitters," suggests Shattuck — the construction contractors and developers and establishment. "There are macho ego feelings coming out of the city manager's office. They can't let go of their own idea after all these years; it's just human nature. And Volgy is under a lot of pressure to succeed in economic development. Construction projects mean jobs."

Could be that the old "asphalt lobby," including Federhar, simply feels it's time for them to win one, after all those previous twenty-point defeats at the hands of the voters. But at what cost?

They can dismiss Aviation critics like Dennis Williams and Steve Leal as flakey artists and long-hairs, or as "NIMBYs" (Not-In-My-Back-Yarders) trying to foist the road on another part of town. They can even ignore the good ol' boys in the Mountain Oyster Club, and the lefty editorial writers for the city's largest newspaper.

But at some point, they'll be coming around again asking the voters for that \$5 billion sales tax that they know we need to handle our transportation bills twenty years from now. And if Aviation becomes an issue then — a lightning rod for the opposition — don't they stand to lose a hell of a lot more than a \$180 million parkway through downtown?

"I don't think their minds have really leapt over that chasm yet," marvels Shattuck. "Those guys, you have to beat them over the head with a two-by-four for five years before they wake up."



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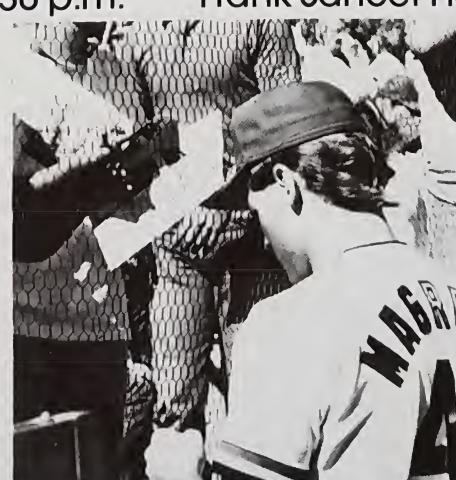
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TUCSON'S DIRTY LITTLE SECRET

Our Love/Hate Affair with Mexican Culture

By Lawrence W. Cheek
Photography by Brad Hansel/Eglin Photography

The perky, curly-haired blond woman steps behind the stack of sombreros. "Do any of you children want something new to wear while you're visiting Oaxaca village?" she asks. "I'm not really selling these, but this is practice so you'll know what to do next time you go to Nogales."

A towhead named Eric, who looks to be around seven, agrees to be meat for the practice session. He's not really in Oaxaca nor anywhere in Mexico, but in Tucson's Foothills Center, where the Old Pueblo Museum has set up a replica Mexican peasant village in an unleased storefront.

The woman plants a pint-sized sombrero on Eric's head. "Oh, this is such a fine hat!" she says. "You look very handsome in it. And it is only 6,000 pesos."

Adult voices hiss from the crowd behind him: "Tell her no!"

Eric is already clued. "One thousand," he offers.

"Oh, no," despairs Sombrero Woman. "I could not feed my family at that price. And this is such a fine sombrero!"

"Five hundred," squeaks Eric. The adults laugh and roar their approval. Is this kid bright, or what?

The mock negotiation shuttles back and forth, and finally Eric clinches the hat at 4,000 pesos. Sombrero Woman beams. As does Eric. Small wonder. He has just learned a part of another culture, which he can either construe as thievery or the joy of haggling.

It was a lesson conceived with the best of intentions. The replica village was an obviously sincere effort to demonstrate authentic Mexican cul-

ture. It seldom takes more than a week for newcomers to Tucson to hear that they should never pay full price in Nogales, and the attending double message that advice carries.

Call it Tucson's Dirty Little Secret. We never explain the mixed signals we send out about Mexican culture. On the one hand it is revered as colorful, carefree, spontaneous; on the other it is as menacing as Pancho Villa, who we would rather meet bronzed than in the flesh. And of course we paper over this tension with a word most of us can't even spell: biculturalism.

We are a city that displays our bicultural credentials proudly, like colorful merit badges. We proclaim ourselves the Mexican Food Capital of the world, not pausing to wonder whether Guadalajara, for example, might view this as one more symbol of *Norte Americano* arrogance. We hang Spanish names on our destination resorts and strings of red peppers on our porches. We borrow the architectural imagery of colonial Spain for our houses, office buildings and shopping strips. Each year we welcome the world mariachi conference. When the Mexican government gave Tucson a statue of Pancho Villa eight years ago, it generated a monsoon of debate and protest—but four years later, when the *Tucson Citizen* polled its readers for their favor-



ite local public sculpture, the winner was, sure enough, Pancho Villa.

We are a city with about 150,000 residents who claim Mexican birth or ancestry. That's about a quarter of us. The city

itself has Spanish and then Mexican parentage, a fact that we're forever trotting out to help prove our cultural superiority over bland, dumb Phoenix. Thanks to a little war followed by a Mexican fire sale in the middle of the last century, we now squat firmly on U.S. soil, but we are only sixty miles from *la frontera*. This proximity has made us connoisseurs. We love to take our guests down to sample the quaint customs and exotic foods of our good neighbor. We all know the Catch-22 Beach, someone who's making a shrimp run to Guaymas, or someone who'll rent us a beach house at Rocky Point. Mexico is our playground, our pantry, our fountain of cultural energy.

What Anglo Tucson doesn't want to admit, or even discuss, is that all this seeming familiarity has bred a great deal of contempt. Beneath all the hugs and smooches, we really don't respect Mexico or its ways all that much, and in subtle ways we transfer this disdain to Mexican-American citizens living here. Nor do we understand this culture nearly as well as we think we do. We're eager only to embrace those

aspects of it that will help promote Tucson or make us feel good about ourselves. This essay, more than simply presenting the indictment, is an effort to understand why.

We've been exploiting Mexico and its culture for more than a hundred years. Anthropologist Tom Sheridan spreads out the evidence in his exhaustive 1986 book, *Los Tucsonenses: The Mexican Community in Tucson, 1854-1941*.

From the Gadsden Purchase to the coming of the railroad in 1880, Sheridan explains, Anglo newcomers and the suddenly expatriated Mexicans of Tucson appeared to get along well. They lived among each other, fought Apaches alongside each other, forged business partnerships, and intermarried. All of these relationships, except the latter, were a matter of interdependence. Tucson was the archetypal godforsaken outpost of civilization, and Mexican and Anglo merchants needed each other's connections and clientele to survive. As for the weddings (for example, that of Sam Hughes, age thirty-two, and Atanacia SantaCruz, twelve), it was clear to the Anglos that they weren't going to get any unless they romanced the Mexican women and girls. There was a chronic shortage of light-skinned females in early Territorial Tucson. Here's the catalogue from the 1860 census:

Mexican females, 15-39	163
Mexican males, 15-39	168
Anglo females, 15-39	6
Anglo males, 15-39	132

A list of the Anglo men who wed



Mexican women or girls between 1860 and 1880 reads like the city's "who's who" of the period: Hiram Stevens (territorial delegate to Congress), Pinckney Tully (freight magnate and mayor), William S. Oury (wealthy rancher and mayor), and many more. Research hasn't uncovered how the *Tucsonenses* might have felt about the Anglo pioneers taking many of their eligible brides. Whatever, this early interdependence and intermarriage established a base of relatively amiable relations between the two cultures that persists in Tucson today. (James E. Officer, an anthropologist at the University of Arizona who has been study-

ing public records here for two decades, has found that a consistent one-third of Spanish-surnamed residents are marrying someone outside their ethnic group.)

When 1880 rang in the railroad, Tucson quickly became a very different place. It brought Anglo-American culture, economics and women to this frontier pueblo. Once relieved of dependence on its former owners — on Mexico and Mexican-Americans — we were free to set them aside and begin institutionalizing discrimination against them. For example, when Sheridan studied Pima County court records from 1882-89, he found that defendants

in murder cases with Spanish surnames drew average sentences of 3.58 years, while Anglos got off with one year. Mexicans convicted of grand larceny averaged 3.9 years; Anglos 1.88 years. (Left unexplained is the apparent fact that stealing was considered a worse crime than killing, whatever one's ethnic persuasion!)

The English-language press increasingly portrayed the Mexican *barrios* as jungles of vice and violence. The *Arizona Star* campaigned relentlessly against any further use of adobe as a building material: ("All new buildings erected in Tucson should be brick or stone.... The time has come to discard

mud houses and to adopt the modern style.") The campaign was partly practical — adobe is troublesome to maintain — but it also was metaphorical. Mud bricks, brown and unclean and handmade, were the building blocks of Mexican culture. White clapboard, machined shingles and shiny fired bricks were the stuff of an expanding America.

Sheridan's *Los Tucsonenses* is the even-handed work of a social scientist; in it he tries to avoid speculation. In a sunny morning conversation in his Arizona State Museum office, however, he's willing to stretch a bit.

"We're a remarkably ethnocentric culture," he says. "And when it comes to Hispanics, most Anglos have long carried all the stereotypes of Spain as this cruel, despotic country, fundamentally contrary to the democratic, free-

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enterprise nature of American society. We saw the Mexicans as this mongrel race, representing the worst of both the Old and New Worlds. When you take that background and graft it onto Manifest Destiny and the military superiority we demonstrated by seizing much of Mexico's land, it's not hard to see how our racist orientation arose."

Around the same time we were beginning to relegate Mexican culture to the back door here in Arizona, a funny thing was happening next door in California. Spanish/Mexican influence there had been ground up and obliterated much earlier—in the 1850s, with the gold rush and resulting land boom. But in the 1880s, the Anglo pioneers flooding California began to create a romantic mythology rooted loosely in the state's Hispanic past. Northern Arizona University historian James N. Byrkit calls it the "neo-mission cult," or, when he's feeling grouchier, the "Noble Savage/Kindly Friar/Dashing Don/Greedy Gringo" phenomenon.

Beginning in the 1880s, Byrkit says, writers such as Helen Hunt Jackson and Charles Lummis, both newcomers to the West, discovered what proved to be a gold mine of lore in the California mission period. In the finest spirit of Victorian romanticism, they let their imaginations gambol through history, creating dreamy scenarios of simple but dignified Indians under the tut-

lage of refined Spanish priests and kind, yet manly, dons. Lummis, who edited a promotional magazine called *Land of Sunshine*, even inserted himself into the fantasies; he campaigned to save the deteriorating missions and had his friends call him "Don Carlos."

Developers and civic boosters eagerly leaped aboard the Spanish bandwagon, with architecture, pageants and promotions designed to further the image of California as a place with a noble Iberian heritage. San Diego spawned a new architectural style, the Spanish Colonial Revival, with the San Diego Exposition in 1915. Santa Barbara launched an annual civic celebration, "Old Spanish Days," in 1924, with everyone expected to wear a "Spanish" costume. All this had the desired effect, and not only inside the state lines. As late as 1943, *The Saturday Review of Literature* published a special issue on California and said this: "There is the Southern California... of traditional life in picturesque indolence by don and vaquero upon their loosely bounded ranches...."

This, of course, was dreamy nonsense—but pick out the key words in the *Review's* rhapsody: "Traditional." "Picturesque indolence." "Loosely bounded..." Real or imaginary, these "Spanish" characteristics are a psychological territory that Anglo America longed to claim for itself. As long as Spanish/Mexican culture was distant enough that it didn't threaten us or

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compete against us, it seemed to offer an attractive alternative to our stiff and uptight Puritan heritage. It was colorful and noble and leisurely (even if undemocratic). We were a nation of worker bees, ambitious as hell but wondering if somehow, we were missing out on life. H.L. Mencken explained it perfectly with his definition of the Puritan ethic: "The haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy."

It's 1988, and a typically miserable summer day in Phoenix. I'm working for *New Times*, interviewing an architect who's designed a Spanish Colonial Revival Revival (or "Refried Architecture," as the article later will call it) shopping center in Scottsdale.

She's explaining the design. "We wanted a very handmade, personal look, so we had the roof tiles laid up with a lot of mortar and askew, so the rows of tile wiggle and weave — as if they were laid up by a drunken Mexican."

I'm startled by that last clause. I figure she's going to realize her *faux pas* and beg, retroactively, to take it off the record. I use the ancient reporter's deceit of not writing it down, so she'll think I think it isn't significant. Which, of course, is not what I think at all. I think it encapsulates perfectly our simultaneous romanticization and scorn of Mexican culture.

But a few days later, as I'm writing the article, I decide to cut the last ten words of the quote. I figure there's an excellent chance she would get fired for it, and that strikes me as too high a price for one lousy indiscretion.

I'm also mindful that it could as easily have been another reporter exposing me. As if I needed proof, a few weeks later I'm homing in from Phoenix on a Friday evening. The cops are all occupied with a pileup back around Casa Grande, so traffic is flowing smoothly at 70-75 miles an hour. Then up ahead, my copilot spots one miscreant, clogging the flow by moving too slowly and bobbing in and out of his lane.

"What's wrong with that guy?" copilot wonders aloud. "It's kinda early for drunks."

"Idunno," I say. "Mexican plates?"

It's a careless response, but I know it's my subconscious coughing up some ancient conditioning. Or is that merely a convenient excuse? If I had not been pondering this essay at the time, would I even have recognized it as contemptuous stereotyping? I am confused and angry. I think of myself as rational and intellectual and liberal as all hell when it comes to attitudes toward assorted minorities, yet here's proof that under that veneer of civility lies the bulb of a garden variety bigot.

I struggle to understand why.

I grew up in a Texas household that had strong bonds to Mexican culture. It was only two miles to the border. My parents both worked, and day care was a series of women from Ciudad Juárez

who spoke no English. I learned Spanish first, although I don't speak it remarkably well today. I can't recall my Anglo parents ever making a disparaging comment about Mexicans. Somehow, the infection occurred in some more subtle way.

It could have been the simple fact that in our household (as well as many of my friends' homes), the Anglos were the *patrones*; the Mexicans invariably the *peones*. Our parents worked in offices; these other people made beds and cleaned house and looked after us during the day. Lucita, the maid we employed for several years, has a third-grade education and a haunting terror of house cats; instead of being taught

such skills as reading down there in deepest Zacatecas, she had learned that cats' souls are extensions of the devil.

It would be nice if children (and adults) were able to intellectualize all this and accept Mexican culture on its own terms, but that isn't the way it works. Instead we compare, and find the foreigners inferior. Americans are rational; Mexicans are superstitious. We're management; they're labor. Our society is orderly and honest; theirs is unpredictable and corrupt.

Texas journalist Kelly Fero has explained it like this: "Mexico, we used to say to one another, was just a land that had failed. The country was slow and squat, an enormous jumble of

adobe huts, gray and grumpy with age, crumbling in the shadow of some new, ill-functioning hotel."

Besides scorning this land, we also learned fear of the people that were spilling over its borders (forgetting that their relatives may have been here first). Around the age of ten I had a best friend by the name of Gustavo Villalobos. Although close friendships between Anglos and Mexican-Americans were not common in West Texas at that time, I can't recall anyone disapproving. What I do remember, with crystaline clarity, is Mom telling me: "I'm really glad you and Gustavo are such good friends. That friendship could save your life some day." I didn't

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understand at first. "Well, if a Mexican game ever comes after you..." That was a compelling image. For years I had dreams of being cornered by a pack of swine-blade-wielding schoolmates, with Gesswein appearing at the last instant to call them off.

I think this is how we learn subliminal responses to Mexico, and by extension to Mexican-Americans. When President Carter visited Mexico City ten years ago this month, he made a crack about "Montezuma's revenge," further souring the already strained relations between the two countries. When President Reagan appointed John Genn, a fellow actor with no diplomatic experience to the post of

ambassador to Mexico, Mexicans took it as yet another slap of America's oft-handed disregard for them. Perhaps some officials sneered, we should send Cannibals to Washington in return.

Locally, a few years earlier, Tucson Mayor Lew Murphy was asked what would happen if the Colorado River couldn't deliver enough water to the Central Arizona Project and still meet a 1944 treaty obligation to deliver water to Mexico. "If there isn't enough water in the Colorado River, we'll just breach the treaty with Mexico and keep the water ourselves," Murphy said. Several terms later, his same honor was discussing redistricting with City Councilman Rudy Bejarano. Find out

where the mothers are, what they're doing," he said, referring to Tucson's Mexican-American population. This time, Murphy apologized the same day.

Anthropologist Officer, who has been studying the Hispanic Southwest since earning his Ph.D. in the early 1950s, says there's "no question" that Anglo-Americans harbor deep-seated prejudices against Mexicans and Mexican-Americans. "First, there's the long-held attitude that they lack ambition," he says. "I think that's been reflected most recently in the passage of Proposition 106, where the underlying assumption is that Mexican-Americans won't bother to learn English unless we

force them to. Talk to most Mexican immigrant families, though, and you'll hear precisely the opposite. Second, there's the belief that even if they had ambition, they lack talent and discipline. This attitude can be traced all the way back to Europe, where the Northern Europeans have always thought of Spain as a country that couldn't govern itself worth a goddam."

Tom Sheridan recalls a talk he gave recently in Green Valley on bilingual education. Afterwards, a woman approached him. "I just don't like it when they jabber in Spanish," she complained. Ah, yes: We Americans talk. Mexicans jabber.

Historically, says Officer, relations between Anglos and Mexican-Americans in Tucson have been better than in any other major city in the Southwest — at least on the surface. For example, in researching Tucson neighborhood deeds, he's unearthed countless old covenants barring blacks, Orientals and Jews. But he only found two neighborhoods, both on the West Side near St. Mary's Hospital, that restricted Hispanics. This was in the '20s. Unlike, say, El Paso, schools here were never rigorously segregated — although, says Officer, districts were gerrymandered so as to concentrate students with "language problems" in certain schools (enough to eventually mandate desegregation). And some Tucsonans have memories of soap-filled mouths or even paddlings for jabbering in Spanish on the schoolground.

The reason for these relatively good relations lies in our history. In turn-of-the-century Phoenix, nearly all the immigrant Mexicans were farm workers. The *patrón-peón* relationship was distinct. At the same time in Tucson, there was a thriving Mexican middle class of merchants, musicians, journalists and civil servants. Even in the face of growing Anglo political and economic hegemony, they retained social prestige. As Officer puts it, "How were you going to tell a Jácome or Ronstadt that his kid can't go to your school?"

And today Anglo Tucson capitalizes on its Hispanic history. We present ourselves to the world as an old pueblo with noble and colorful Latino roots. This helps reassure us that we're not merely Phoenix Jr. or Tulsa with mountains. We are a unique city embracing two cultures, we say.

You can see it happening just south of downtown in *Barrio Viejo*, the one 19th Century Mexican neighborhood that survived urban renewal in the 1960s.

For the last dozen years the barrio has been undergoing creeping gentrification. Last October, on the eve of the neighborhood's first homes tour, graffiti artists attacked several walls with spray paint. "THIS BARRIO BELONGS TO LA RAZA," proclaimed one. Lamented another, "BARRIO VIEJO IS NOW BARRIO GRINGO." A month later, the

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Arizona Daily Star followed up with a massive Sunday spread reporting that Anglos had indeed bought up quite a bit of property in this as well as other old downtown neighborhoods, and some resentment and tension had bubbled to the surface. The question the *Star* didn't pursue is why *Barrio Viejo* is now *Barrio Gringo*.

I have poked around in this neighborhood for these same dozen years, and I think I know why. Former Superior Court Judge John P. Collins got it almost right years ago in a speech to a civic group, pleading for preservation of the barrio's culture as well as its architecture. "The barrio is being taken over by outsiders, hip lawyers and artists," Collins said, "people who are borrowing others' roots because they have none of their own."

As I talked to these new barrio pioneers over several years, I sensed that they were indeed trying to graft their lives onto Tucson's roots, but there was something else, too. They were hoping to recapture a cultural ethos that urban America abandoned half a century ago. A couple restoring a house on Convent Street told me in wide-eyed wonder how their Mexican-American neighbors had greeted them with coffee and rolls the day they moved in. A couple on Meyer Street bragged about their next-door neighbor: "Evangelina has become our best friend." An artist who restored an adobe house on Convent Street said the neighborhood is the last one in Tucson that has the feel of community about it. Life flows freely between house and street, he said; people know each other, they gossip and slander and help and advise each other.

In other words, even as beige faces replace brown, the barrio still functions something like the Mexican village it once was. The new residents are refugees from the sterile 20th-Century Anglo-American neighborhood where nobody knows anyone else, nobody talks, nobody cares — unless some external force, like a freeway proposal, threatens the common interest.

Yet, not all aspects of Mexican culture are appreciated by the new owners. I asked an Anglo barrio resident if there were disadvantages to living there. "You have to have a hood lock for your car," he said, more in amusement than irritation. "It takes about fifteen batteries to power a low-rider. My wife had this old Buick parked outside for about a year, and the night after we got a new battery, someone came by and lifted it. I can just see someone coming by every night and opening the hood and saying, 'Nope, not yet.'"

A thirty-nine-year-old Anglo friend — intelligent, adventurous and impeccably liberal — recently explained to me why she had taken her daughter out of the barrio school (Drachman) after two years: "Nearly all the teachers were Hispanic women, and I just felt their culture wasn't

compatible with mine."

I press for details. "Well, on her evaluations, she'd get praise such as 'cute,' or 'helps with cleaning.' One day she came home with candy bars as a reward for being so efficient in cleaning the classroom! At the same time, girls weren't allowed to play soccer there. Consciously or not, that school was passing on a very traditional Hispanic concept of family and gender roles, and I didn't want my daughter to grow up with that. I really have very little in common with a woman who has seven kids and cleans house all day."

We shop Mexican culture for images and artifacts as if it were a department

store. We buy into what seems comfortable or picturesque or nostalgic, and pass up the merchandise that seems too strange or disquieting. We love *fajitas* and *chimichangas*, *plazas* and *vigas*, *mariachis* and *quinceañeras*. But we're too internalized to embrace the Mexican concept of extended family. We think *machismo* is not only anachronistic but foolish. We don't begin to understand the fatalistic side of the Mexican character. Few of us bother to learn to jabber in Spanish. We dig biculturalism, but only in its more sanitary forms.

Not long ago I was at a high-buck Arizona resort, scarfing the tamales at the weekly Mexican dinner buffet. A

musician strolled from table to table, playing a guitar and singing Mexican and Spanish chestnuts. Eventually came the inevitable "Cielito Lindo." Out of boredom or mischief — I have no idea which — he altered the words of one verse. "My love," he sang in Spanish, "is the queen of the contraband runners." When he finished, the gringo diners all smiled broadly and gave generous applause. It was a perfect metaphor to illustrate the depth of our commitment to understanding. □

Tucson freelance writer Lawrence W. Cheek is a former newspaper reporter and critic who writes frequently about cultural issues.

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It costs a lot of money to look poor

On an April day in 1907, a writer for the *Arizona Star* went for a stroll in *Barrio Viejo** to see whether the brown folks were keeping up their neighborhood. He returned favorably impressed, in a way.

"It is to be observed that a number of adobe buildings in that section of town, southwest, occupied mainly by the Spanish-speaking people, are being improved by their owners. Gradually the old section will take on up-to-date airs — as far as that can be done with adobe buildings."

That typified Anglo Tucson's attitude toward the barrio for the next sixty years. What we didn't bulldoze for urban renewal, we dismissed with a patronizing glance. Whatever architectural history the barrio held was irrelevant. In 1972, a landmark study by the UA College of Architecture concluded: "The remaining portion of Tucson's 'Barrio Historico' stands as the sole

reminder of a Tucson that existed a century ago. It has survived, however, not because it has been cherished by successive generations of Tucsonans who have maintained the buildings and streets through an awareness of historic preservation, but rather, it exists because it has long been forgotten and neglected by the city as a whole."

Since then, thanks partly to that study and to designation on the National Register of Historic Places in 1977, the barrio has been increasingly cherished — and redeveloped — by Anglo interests.

On a November day in 1988, Bob Giebner and I go for a stroll in the barrio to see what the white folks are doing with the neighborhood. Giebner is the point man for historic preservation on the UA architecture faculty, and he coordinated the 1972 study. What we find is that the neighborhood is taking on some up-to-date airs, and not much

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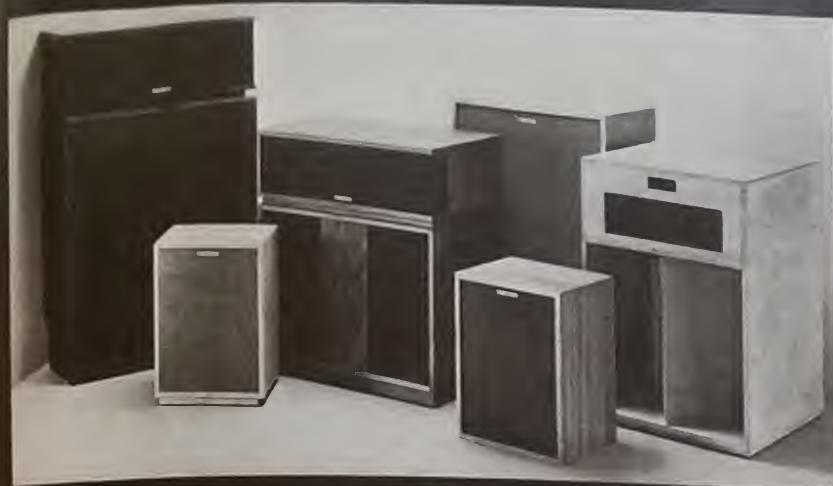
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At the northeast corner of Meyer and 17th Street is an office building by architect Frank Mascia, new last fall. An idiotic city setback requirement forced Mascia to slice a diagonal bevel off the front of the building, which disrupts the neighborhood's pattern. In back, Mascia has echoed the sloping shed-roof forms of neighboring buildings, but he joined them in a way reminiscent of a 1970s California condo complex. Giebner has an apt observation: "It's got the vocabulary, but it's not speaking the language."

Just across the street is the old Pascal adobe complex, a row house dating from 1879. By the early 1980s, an absentee landlord from Ohio had let it deteriorate so badly that demolition seemed inevitable. However, in 1986, a local businesswoman bought and renovated it for office space. Garish turquoise burglar bars now barricade every door and window, and the complex looks for all the world like the neighborhood slammer.

If any building could be said to broadcast ill will, I tell Giebner, this is it.

"I'd rather not see the bars either,

"The construction cost and maintenance make adobe strictly a rich man's toy."

but I sort of see them as a reality of the 1970s," Giebner responds. "When you renovate a historic neighborhood, you can't come in with the purist approach and keep out everything people need to make their lives comfortable — such as automobiles and security."

The epicenter of barrio redevelopment today is around South Convent Avenue between Kennedy and Simpson Streets. David Carter, formerly business editor of the *Arizona Daily Star*, is the major player. Although not an architect, he has designed and built three new houses here. The two at 388 and 392 South Convent were on the market at \$135,000 and \$185,000. He has plans for more.

"I'd like to cut the cost of the next projects by twenty percent," says Carter. "The last thing I want is to see these streets lined with BMWs. But we're not going to have new, low-cost housing in the barrio. The (small) sizes and (odd) shapes of the available lots, and what you have to do to meet the historic district criteria, means that every house is going to be a custom project."

Carter has lived in the barrio since 1978, and his affection for it is in no dispute. He has thoroughly researched its architectural history, and he can defend each design decision he made on the new houses. When I object to the quoins (vertical bands of alternating

headers and stretchers ornamenting the outside corners) as a romanticization of Mexican vernacular architecture, he cites historic precedents a few blocks north in the buildings that are now Janos and the Old Adobe Patio. "Old photos show as many as twenty percent of these houses with some sort of ornamentation," he says. I complain that his new houses look to the untrained eye like plastered adobe, but they really aren't — they're concrete block. "I've lived in an adobe house for ten years," says Carter. "That's romanticization. The construction cost and maintenance make adobe strictly a rich man's toy."

Giebner doesn't quite buy it. "I

think Carter's houses are awfully 'up-town' for the barrio. Beside them, the old buildings look so... he pauses, searching for just the right word... "so forthright." I can't disagree, although I think Carter's efforts are infinitely more honest than all the taco deco revivalism plaguing this town.

Finally arises the question of color. Convent Street, in particular, has become a blaze of pastel walls in the last few years — pinks, greens, yellows, turquoises. I suggest to Giebner that this panoply correctly evokes the lively and sensual Mexican concept of color. Giebner has another idea. "We Anglos have a tendency to make our statement on the outside of the house, which is

what I think these colors are doing, whereas the true Mexican house is kind of anonymous on the outside and the statement is made inside. I think what we're seeing here is an Anglo interpretation of the Mexican concept of color."

**In these stories the neighborhood bordered by Cushing Street, Main Avenue, 18th Street and Stone Avenue is called "Barrio Viejo" (Old District). In preservation circles it is known as "Barrio Historico." Yet another name is "Barrio Libre" ("Free District"), a reference to the period when prostitution allegedly thrived there. Some Mexican-Americans find the latter term offensive.*

— Lawrence W. Cheek

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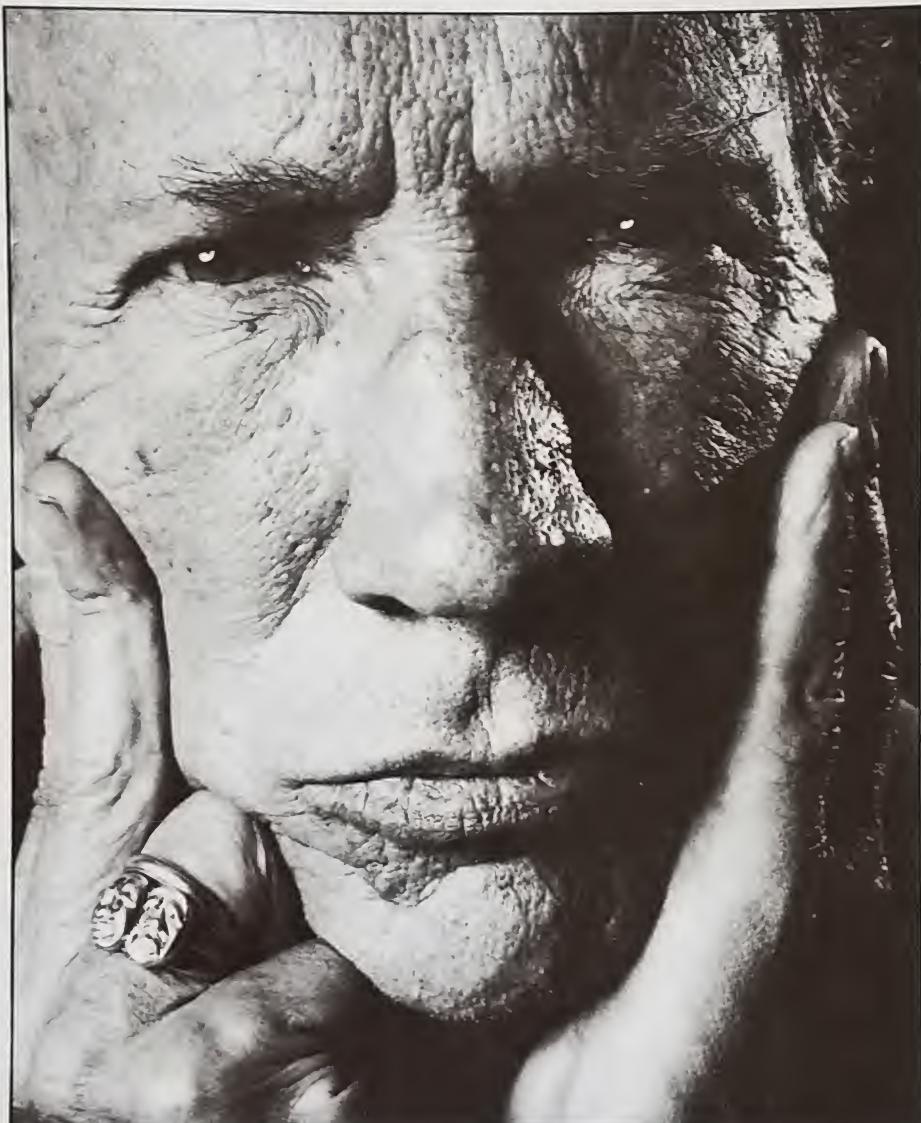
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BY RICHARD VONIER



Glynn Ross

photo courtesy of the Arizona Opera

and culture capitals between rezonings.

Glynn Ross has some interesting views on this subject; some things we may not want to hear. After all, he's sorta a carpetbagger in a land that values its saguaros and boots and pickups. He's put on opera all over the world; hung out with the bluest of blood; drives a station wagon, for pete's sakes, and wears threads that look like Saville Row. He is fluent in several languages; can regale us with stories of the rich and famous and talks in worn parables and foreign chestnuts as though he just made them up himself. The bantam of the opera; probably made that up himself, too.

But then, ol' Glynn was a Nebraska farm boy of working Scandinavian stock and he learned how to ride a horse and plow a field before he ever studied Shakespearean acting at Stratford-Upon-Avon. Behind the Yiddish

jokes, the disarming charm and the artistic bull puck, this dude is wise to us, and Phoenix, too.

Excuse us a moment; the phones are exploding and Ross is the only one there to answer (he also made the coffee and carried out the garbage). It is his stock broker from Phoenix, telling Ross it is Beethoven's birthday as well as his own. Ross is speechless.

Excuse us again. Johan van der Mere, the opera's music director has ambled in with a confused look and an electric drill with a dangerous-looking metal spear protruding. He wonders if he can use this to put a hole in a piece of wooden scenery. Ross looks dubious; suggests Johan try to find the box marked wood bits in the back.

Now, where were we? Oh yeah, when he got to Tucson in 1983—on the condition that the community get rid of the debt first—he asked a friend to

name him the ten most influential people in town so he could talk to them and get things rolling. Remember, this is Glynn Ross, the man who put Seattle on the map (there was talk of turning Boeing over to him after his successes there); the man who worked with the famed San Francisco Opera for thirteen years before that; the greatest thing since Scotch Tape (his words); the Lee Iacocca of opera (he probably made that up, too). Let's get goin'. So the guy said he had to talk to twelve people to get things done in this town (damn, of course Ross won't name them).

Of those twelve, Ross remembers, four jumped in and supported him; two never called again; and the others bought a ticket and said they'd see how he did—what was in it for them—before they committed.

In Phoenix, entirely different story. He didn't have to go looking for people; they were looking for him. Phoenix is a city on the make (I made that up but I know Ross will steal it). The *jeses* there saw the value of big-name opera in the same sense as the Arizona Cardinals. Phoenix wants to be a big, glitzy city and it needs other trappings besides freeways. LA, Dallas, Phoenix, sounds good. "It's manifest destiny," says Ross. "They want to control their destiny. You look at Central Avenue today with all the gaps in the towers—it looks like Wilshire Boulevard forty years ago. There is something planned for every one of those gaps." You say Phoenix has no reason to exist? "Well, they said Dallas had no reason to exist. Dallas created a reason to exist."

In fact, when he first approached the people in Tucson, some told him just to move the doggone thing to Phoenix and be done with it. Okay, let's bite. Why didn't he?

Why, Ross looks shocked. "Phoenix is rootless," he says. "It's like L.A., it is rootless." When he worked with the San Francisco Opera, he lived in Los Angeles, but never forgot that the artistic cachet came from San Francisco. It's sort of the same way here. "In San Francisco, they think anything south of Carmel is the hinterlands; you think anything north of the Gila is the hinterlands."

So Ross and his wife keep a townhouse in Phoenix, but they make their home in Tucson. Even if it is just a big university town that never grew up. Here's Tucson's problem, as he sees it: Years ago, the railroad from El Paso to Hollywood (HOLLYWOOD!) ran through and all the big stars detoured here for the sun and a performance. And we got spoiled. We took it for granted that this was an art mecca and we still do. "We were all having a wonderful time," he says, "then all of a sudden, the last troop train left. But we still had our memories."

It is 8 a.m. and the spartan, former grocery market on Mountain near Prince that serves as the headquarters for the state's opera company is empty, save for one guy who got to work early. His car, a vintage, beat-up phony-woody Chrysler Town and Country station wagon from another dimension, is the only vehicle in the lot.

"My fund-raising car," jokes Glynn Ross, general director and powerhouse pitchman of the Arizona Opera, looking strangely in the wrong place himself, a courtly, diminutive 74-year-old man with a cowlick, wrapped in a tweedy three-piece suit and tie knotted to the nines, seated alone among the sparse desks and computer terminals and copiers of the arts business.

These are not good days for the arts business in Tucson, which once basked in snobbish pride as a cultural oasis in a state better known for a monument to bad taste called Phoenix. But eventually many of the major groups that started here had to appeal to our polyester big brother up north for support, and these days Phoenix gives more than we do. Tucson's Big Four—the Arizona Theatre Company, the Tucson Symphony Orchestra, the Tucson Museum of Art and Ballet Arizona—all are struggling with deficits and cutbacks.

And suddenly Glynn Ross—Sgt. Bilko among the prima donnas, somebody once called him—the huckster who shamelessly marketed opera to the common people; the guy who made television commercials showing people being blown away by Verdi, and Indians on horseback singing the Anvil Chorus; who dared to say that opera wasn't just a boring bunch of fat people singing in tongues; who dared to suggest that opera is a major league accoutrement like a pro football team; the guy sometimes scorned by the upper-crust for P.T. Barnum pranks, arrogance and safely sticking to a play list of greatest hits....suddenly Glynn Ross looks pretty smart these days. After being "canned" (his word) in Seattle where he built a renowned company; taking over a dusty Tucson opera that was \$200,000 in debt and only seventeen percent subscribed in 1983—just about poised to hear the fat lady's last song—he has built an artistically and financially stable company that sells out each performance, has an efficient base of operations, an endowment and people with checkbooks willing to support him.

This year, eighty percent of the 2,500 seats in the Phoenix Civic Center have been sold to season-ticket-holders; along with fifty percent of the 2,200 seats in Tucson, admittedly a harder sell with one-third the population and a waning inclination to put its money where its mouth is on the arts even as the pols pretend to tout arts districts

When Ross started charging more for the good seats than the back rows, that was something people in Phoenix understood; but opera-goers in Tucson thought they should be granted dispensation because they supported the opera before Phoenix ever heard of Mozart. "In fact, I was treated with considerable contempt," Ross remembers, when he asked for more money here. This is the same town that didn't come close to filling Centennial Hall a few months ago when the famed dance company of Martha Graham, the woman who has influenced every move in modern dance, appeared here. "Why should we support some old lady who runs a dance school in New York?" asks Ross, in unconcealed sarcasm toward provincialism.

He compares us to Stratford, Ontario, a laid-back spot where visitors used to relax and enjoy until one day they noticed the planes were flying right on by from New York to Toronto. Some newspaper guy thought, well, at least we have a name; and then, of course, Stratford became the home of the big Shakespeare festival and the spenders came back.

What can Tucson sell? Ah, you're asking a man who they say could run a successful tall-men's shop in Japan. He doesn't hesitate. *The Desert Experience*. "You've got sidewalks in Phoenix," he points out.

"America is very conscious of need," he says. "Money is not our most precious commodity; time is. Affluence without style is not enough."

"Here in the desert, we can offer Americana, Western Civilization, all in one place." One stop shopping: Cowboys and Indians and cactus and opera and destination resorts. But if we want it, we've got to get off our sleepy butts and promote it, just as they did in Stratford. And on this point Ross sometimes knows no shame. "Robert Redford made a career out of being a crook," he argues. "We love the guy who can make the fast buck."

"But you've got to give people something. That's the story for the city of Tucson and the state of Arizona. You're going to get exactly the kind of visitor, the kind of snowbird, whatever you want to call them, that you deserve."

"The opera has its roots in Tucson. We have a very efficient operation all under one roof. But what I didn't feel here was that people were committed to a sense of the future. Tucson has got to join the rest of the world."

And lately the news of the arts business seems to be bearing him out, no matter how much he sounds like a developer or hotel owner or chamber booster. We can drown in our laid-back academic smugness while Ross goes on promoting "La Boheme" as a tale of aging hippies in Paris and "Romeo and Juliet" as the story of two kids in big

trouble with their parents.

Or we can listen to the man who has never heard of MTV and maybe recapture some of the egghead dominance we once enjoyed and certainly deserve — Phoenix is still going to the opera for the wrong reasons — by not being afraid to peddle our charm with a little panache to a world that formerly belonged to blue hair. Ross believes and proves in four performances that the audience is here, no matter what the business struggles are of the other arts groups. "Don't blame the community," he lectures before slipping into an Ital-

ian or Serbo-Croatian or some such adage: When you buy a fish, you smell the head to find out how fresh it is.

"What I guarantee is thrills — tears or a lump in the throat," he shrugs. "And I don't even create 'em. I've got Mozart, Wagner, Verdi and Puccini, Inc. That's my law firm."

And he dares to think big. In Seattle, his crowning achievement was the annual Wagner Ring Festival, an outgrowth of the original in Bayreuth, that drew thrill-seekers from all over the world. He had planned to have something of that scale going in Ari-

zona by 1990, but even the Iacocca of the opera couldn't shake the gold out of these pans fast enough. Now he is looking to the nation's 500-year anniversary celebration in 1992 — "What do you think? People are going to come here to hear a mariachi band?" — to launch an opera festival event to top all others. Okay, where will it be? Phoenix or Tucson? Now, we'll find out where his heart really is.

He winks. The same wink embedded with a diamond in the face on the gold ring he wears.

"I want the Grand Canyon." □

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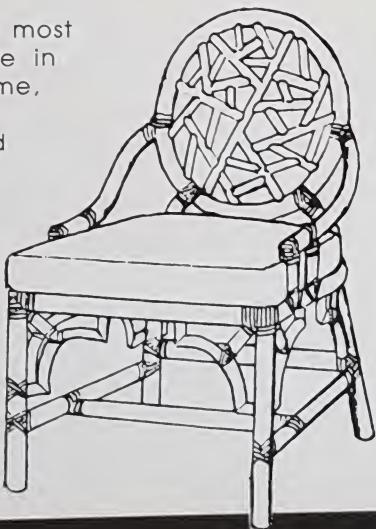
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MEMORIES

OUR MISS BROOKS WAS A BEAR

And she left her marks

BY LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL

Lawrence Clark Powell is eighty-three years old now. He is well-known for his books about the Southwest, his novels, his singular role in creating the nationally known library at the University of California, Los Angeles. He is retired from the UA where he helped forge the modern library school and library. He is also a helluva Wildcat baseball fan. A year ago, he visited Bill Broyles' English class at Rincon High School and talked about what life was like when he was an inmate in high school.

If we knew our future, I don't think we'd want to go through with it. I don't like prophetic sight. I don't encourage it. I don't want to see much beyond tomorrow, maybe the day after, because it's scary out there. I've lived a long life, a good life, and I'd start all over again if I could — all the same mistakes, they've been wonderful mistakes. I'm not a model because I came out right by doing everything wrong. I've been in schools like this, where you think when you come in and classes are in session that you are entering a graveyard. It's so quiet.

I grew up in a well-to-do home, my father was an executive with the Sunkist Cooperative and did we have oranges! grapefruit! lemons! We had an orchard and what I liked to do was fight in the orchard with a sharpened stick. I pulled the green oranges off and impaled them on the stick and flung them. You'd kill someone if you hit them right — in the temple. But that was a hard shot. My father was going to disown me. He said, "Those oranges are going to ripen, they're going to be marketable, those are going to be Sunkist fruit." I was in revolt against the whole damn establishment. I had two older brothers and they weren't like me. I was the brat. I remember once I was at the bottom of the stairs and they were at the top and I called them something and as one man they hurled themselves down the steps and utterly crushed me. One of them went to my mother and said, "If you don't do



something about him, he's going to end up in San Quentin." (Years later I did, when I had become respectable. I was the head of the UCLA library and Earl Warren was governor of California and he found the library was neglected in state prisons. I was appointed to a blue ribbon committee and when I visited the library the convict in charge was a lifer. Next door was the gallows. And he didn't want to show me the library, he wanted to show me the gallows. He said, "It's a beautiful piece of equipment.") I had four years of high school in Pasadena, and the first three were a total disaster because I was in rebellion against everything that I regarded as wrong. Once in typing class I started a little newspaper devoted to bringing down the establishment, a paper that preached anarchy and revolution. I had two targets. One was a shop teacher named O'Neill. He was short and wide and we called him Stubby. I hated him because I never could plane a board square. Why the hell should I plane boards square? I was building a kayak and when I launched the thing it sank. I blamed it on Stubby. I said he was a bad teacher. The other target was the principal. I didn't like him because he was prissy. He was virtuous, righteous and he was always right. He never conceded that it was possible that a student complaint could be right and he could be wrong. So I started the paper to bring him down and circulated it. I sold it for five cents a copy. I gave it a dreadful title, *Joe Trout's Daily Pimpstick*. I don't know what the hell that means but I thought it would make them think twice. The principal's name was John E. Alman, one I please, and we were always spelling it Allman with an exclamation point — and he didn't like that. Justice is often rendered in the most unlikely ways. He did wrong to a junior high teacher and said junior high teacher, right off of the frontier, got his .38 gun and he came into the office of the Superintendent of Schools. The principal was there in a meeting

and he shot them all dead. That was not a fate I wished for him — I just wanted to bring him down.

The school was administered badly, the school was taught badly, the architecture was terrible. I had a very miserable time. I was always either being sent home or running home. Dancing was not allowed. So we organized a little dance group and called it the Boneyard Trio and we played for bootleg off-campus dances. There was a piano player named Archibald and we named him "Itch" because we used to tease him and call him "Itchyballs." The name still sticks! He's now a successful trial lawyer in Santa Barbara, he's my age, and he's still known everywhere as "Itch" — and none of the Santa Barbarans know why. Anyway, that was an outlet. Then all of a sudden something happened in my final year. And I'll tell you what it was — it was the teachers I had. This was the first time I had teachers that I respected and that I learned from and that excited me. I became a changed person, zoomed right up to the honor roll. My earlier teachers, in science and math and dreadful subjects, well, they didn't arouse my imagination.

Three teachers in my final year were women and there was one man. The man was almost an academic person who taught Greek and Roman history. But he made Greek and Roman history alive for me. The woman who aroused my attention was a teacher of English and she taught Shakespeare by acting it out. She was an old maid, terribly homely, she had an awful name, it was Bear. And she had talons like a grizzly, when she got onto my shoulder (I still bear the marks). But she acted out all the plays. She could play Romeo and Juliet, you know, and make all these characters convincing. Why? Because of the language in which Shakespeare wrote. She got me reading Shakespeare — God, I would never have thought of anything like this before. It had been just a big thick book to me. But she peopled it with Othello and Hamlet and Julius Caesar. I remember the line in *Julius Caesar*, "The man who hath no music in his soul nor is moved not by concord of sweet sounds is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Let no such man be trusted." God, dramatic lines like this — I kept finding out if people had music in their souls. I'd go ask them, "Do you have it?"

There was another line there that was so prophetic when Caesar said, "Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. Give me men that are sleek and fat and sleep anights." When you have line.

Well, that was Miss Bear, Miss Ethel Bear. I kept in touch with her. I tended to keep in touch with all the teachers, even the bad ones. I wanted

to make sure that I outlived them.

The other good one I had was the journalism teacher. It was under her that the school paper was put out. A friend of mine was the editor and he got me writing sports. I was not heavy enough to play regular football, but I was a quarterback on the lightweight team. I played baseball, shortstop, and I was pretty good. You don't have to be a big hombre to play baseball. My last year they made me yell leader because I was never still, I was always nervous and restless. Baseball has been important to me all of my life — I've never missed a home game of the Wildcats. I came to Tucson in 1927 with Occidental College baseball team. I wasn't playing then — I could throw and catch but couldn't hit very well. I was team manager. We played the Wildcats one weekend in April and came over in a truck and there was a paved road for 500 miles until we hit Stone and Congress. We were a wreck when we got here, but we were young and you pay no attention to being a wreck when you're young. Now you probably take yourself seriously — when you get a little bit older then it doesn't matter. Well, the wind was blowing and there was dust and we couldn't see the damn ball. The UA has always been big in the optical sciences and they'd developed a special kind of a goggle that enabled their baseball players to see through the dust — so help me. They crushed us that first game. But Saturday morning was a different story. The weather was clear and we batted the ball clear over the Rincons. We crushed them, a little college, we had only four hundred students against a university — they probably had five hundred then. It wasn't much of a university, it was really a cow college in a cowtown with cows. So we split the double header. This was Prohibition, mind you, and you went a long way for a drink. We spent the night making merry in the streets, raising hell in other words. We barely got out of town. That was my introduction to here.

Anyway, back to high school. I took typing my last year from Miss Lynn. I was sweet on her and I think she was sweet on me, and I worked hard for her affection. I ended up as the school speed champion in typing and they put me in the state contest. Then I came up against four women and we typed in a competition in Los Angeles in a big circus tent with sawdust on the floor. Underwood supplied the typewriters and that was the machine I wanted — I didn't want a damn Royal or one of those other machines. I wanted an Underwood because I could move on it. Hah, I beat all four of the women. They gave me a new portable which wasn't really any good.

That was probably the most important thing I learned in high school when



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MEMORIES

the Depression came. I went on driven by ego and compulsion to do graduate work, and I went to France. I took a Ph.D. I had to learn French all over because I'd flunked it in high school — the teacher had said, "You're hopeless, hopeless. You don't have the right shaped mouth." I went to France to prove her wrong. I got back at her later, though. When I got my degree and came back she heard about it and asked me to come and talk to her class. She thought I'd talk about classical French poetry. Hell, what did I talk about? I talked about snail farms in France and how they raised snails for the table. The students were absolutely disgusted, the teacher was even worse. I thought it was my total triumph.

Anyway, I got the degree and came back to this country in 1933 decked out with a doctor's degree all ready to teach junior college or college English. There were no jobs, absolutely no jobs. Breadlines everywhere. What got me through? Typing. Yeah, I could type. A bookstore in downtown Los Angeles needed a typist and I was it. I became not only typist, I became the window-dresser, I became the wrapper of packages, I became the delivery boy, and I became the bouncer when undesirables came in. Someone had to give them the bum's rush and get them out of the store. I was short and wiry and aggressive. So the boss said, "You get 'em out of here." You can read about those years in the mysteries of Raymond Chandler. Or go see the movie called "Chinatown." Chandler is the prose laureate of Los Angeles.

So it was typing that got me through, and a relationship with teachers that I believed in during high school. Years later I wanted to look up Miss Bear. I'd published a few books and one was reviewed in the *New York*

Times. I got a letter from Miss Bear, she'd retired and was living in Delta, Colorado, on the western slope. She said, "I don't suppose you remember me." Ha, of course I did, my God the scars are there on my shoulder. She said, "But if you're ever this way, you might come and let me see what you've made of yourself. You seem to be a writer but I would like to see what kind of man you are."

Well, this was a daunting kind of challenge. On a trip I wound up in Montrose, Colorado, which is not too far from Delta. I thought, "My God, Miss Bear. I'm near her, I'll go find her. I'll let her see for herself."

I found the main street of Delta. It's not a big town, it's a country town. The police department directed me to Miss Bear and I found her cottage. I rang and nobody came. I went around in the back and there was a woman there in the rose garden picking flowers. I knew right away it was Miss Bear although I couldn't see her. The way she took hold of the rose stem and cut it off — she had that same striking power that she used to exercise on me.

I went up and tapped her. She turned around and stared at me — she had a face like a hawk. She gave me one of those looks and I backed away intimidated. I wondered if she was going to get me again. She finally said, "Could you be that Lawrence Powell?"

"Yes," I said softly, "I am."

"Oh," she said.

And then she grabbed me and gave me a hug. That is the only affection she ever showed toward me and probably toward anyone in her life. She was a woman of steel. But she acted *Romeo and Juliet*, she acted *Antony and Cleopatra*. She came to life when she got into literature. That's why she had this lasting effect on me.

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BOOKS

COACH USED A BAD WORD

That's how Steve Kerr knew the Duke game was important

BY NORMA COILE

Leapin' licorice bits! Lute said the b.s. word?

For those of us hooked on Wildcat hoops, that's the one stunner in *A Season Inside: One Year in College Basketball* (1988, Villard Books, 464 pp., \$18.95), John Feinstein's book chronicling the '87-'88 season of the nation's top teams, including Arizona's magical ascent to the Final Four.

According to Feinstein, a reporter for the *Washington Post*, Coach Olson did indeed utter the word — mild as oatmeal by modern-day standards, but a brand new dimension in the choirboy image of Tucson's favorite celebrity. Feinstein doesn't make much of it; but he's probably not as shamelessly attuned to Olson's every utterance as we are. Anyway: It came during an on-court exchange between Olson and Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski. As the author tells it, star guard Steve Kerr, standing close by, was shocked; it was the first time he'd ever heard Olson use such a term. "I knew right then," Kerr is quoted, "this was really a big game."

A Season Inside is a memento of the year that no one lucky enough to hold McKale tickets wants to forget. Feinstein is known for his *A Season On The Brink: A Year With Bob Knight and the Indiana Hoosiers*, the best-selling hardcover sports book ever. This is no slap at him — his latest book is about far more than the Wildcats, after all — but many of us could recite the Arizona storyline woven throughout, especially the Steve Kerr chapters, just as confidently as the McKale crowd echoed announcer Roger Sedlmayr whenever a certain point guard took the court. And by now, to red-and-blue homeboys, it reads like a cliché. But hot damn, it's *our* cliché — a true story worth gushing about.

Harvey Mason, former irrepressible "Gumby" and current Cat starter, recently mused in an *Arizona Daily Star* quote that freshman Matt Othick may be "the next Steve Kerr." Othick is an exciting kid to watch, no doubt about it. But this book is a moving reminder that it takes far more than a gutsy, blond three-point shooter to build a legend of the Kerr magnitude. As much as we'd like to recapture the feeling by

crowning an heir, Kerr was a once-in-a-lifetime show. It's all here, starting with the 1983 recruiting trip that led a "desperate" Olson, new at Arizona and inheritor of a 4-24 team, to take a chance on a California shooter who was slow and couldn't jump — even though when his wife Bobbi Olson first saw him play, her reaction (according to Feinstein) was, "Lute, you've got to be kidding." On to the horrible Beirut assassination of Kerr's father in his freshman year, to Steve's twelve-point tribute two nights later, and to the infamous game against ASU in 1988 when a handful of students — "the sickness at Arizona State," in Feinstein's words — taunted him with reminders of his father's death, sparking him to a hot shooting performance. And of course, on to the career-threatening knee injury and the comeback season as leader of a 35-3 team.

Feinstein, who spent time hanging out with Kerr and his girlfriend in Tucson, tries hard — to Steve's great relief — to bring his image down to a human, likeable-but-regular-guy level. "... If I hear or read one more time that I'm Huck Finn or Tom Sawyer," Kerr tells him, "I'll throw up. I'm like any other guy my age. I like to have fun, I like to drink a few beers, and there are times when I'm an asshole ..." He quotes him smarting off with college spunk; going too far at one point in his public ribbing of mentor Olson; and regaling reporters with his self-deprecating wit. (Watching himself on national TV, Kerr quips, "First of all I noticed that I looked like Shaun Cassidy or something. My hair was really weird ...")

But in the end, Feinstein, too, lifts unassuming Steve Kerr to the height of sports lore. In a year that brought the underdog Kansas Jayhawks to surprise national championship in Kansas City, he knew that the best story was, nonetheless, in an unlikely basketball town in the desert. Kerr "was special, so the game he played was special too," he concludes in the final lines of his book, which was a Christmas-season sellout in Tucson. "... His team lost its last basketball game. But no one has ever defeated Steve Kerr."

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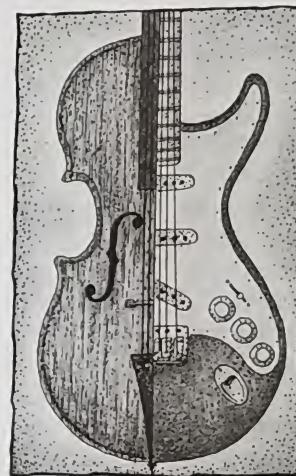
BY JIM GRIFFITH

If you visit Li'l Abner's Steak House on a Friday or Saturday night, you'll encounter a real Tucson institution — Dean Armstrong and his Dance Hands. I'd hate to try to calculate the number of accumulative years this trio has put in playing music, but it's pretty staggering. For instance, Dean arrived in Tucson in 1949 to spend a couple of months learning Western music, and hasn't gotten around to leaving yet. Fiddler Edd Smith was jamming with the famous Bob Wills band when he was a Missouri school kid in the '30s. And steel player Billy Burkes is one of the very few people alive who recorded and toured with the legendary Jimmie Rodgers, "the Father of Country Music" — a singer who died in 1933. When you add the fact that they are all fine musicians and have been working together for several decades, you have the ingredients for some good listening or dancing, whichever way your fancy lies.

But this article isn't going to be a

tribute to that band, good friends though they are and much as I love their music. I'm just using them as a way into my real subject, which is the kind of music they play — Western music, or Western Swing. (By the way, the Dance Hands aren't the only Western band in town — for instance, you might check out the Tom Chambers group at Hacienda del Sol. Tom is president of the Western Music Association, a newly formed national organization. And never forget that the Triple C Chuck Wagon is winter home to the legendary Sons of the Pioneers. But Dean and the Hands are sure good.)

What I call Western music is pretty much a 20th Century Texas invention. Some of its roots go back to the folk music of our pioneer ancestors, to be sure, but there are also strong infusions of blues and jazz from the Afro American heritage, bits of Mexican music, and even some Eastern European polkas and marches. One of the pioneer



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bands of the genre was Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys — the folks Edd Smith used to play with when he was in high school and the regular band musicians would let him sit in while they put in some time socializing. Texas, Oklahoma, and Missouri were hotbeds of innovative jazz in the '20s and '30s — the great Count Basie rose to fame in Kansas City — and white musicians all over the Southwest were picking up on the exciting new sounds. Wills and others added horns and steel guitar to the older fiddle band sound, and took off. The result, Western Swing, was — and still is — really hot dance music. The bands grew bigger and bigger, toured the West just like the big swing bands, and then lessened in popularity in the '50s. There have been revivals in recent years, and the sound is still with us. Good stuff.

As I said earlier, this is real fusion music. Western Swing standards come from all over. The Wills band introduced "San Antonio Rose" (the National Anthem for my money) and "Faded Love" — the latter a modernization of an old fiddle tune sometimes called "Soldier's March." "Under the Double Eagle" came from Austria and Czechoslovakia, probably by way of the German, Bohemian and Czech settlers in Texas who contributed their bit to the growing regional sound. (One Texas band leader named Adolph Hofner used to play in swing style and sing in Czech. It sounds great.)

Other tunes crossed the border from Mexico. One in particular entered the Western Swing tradition — a polka called "Jesucita en Chihuahua," known to southwestern fiddlers as "The Jessie Polka." Another Mexican tune that has become a standard on this side of the line is an old waltz called "Over the Waves," or "Sobre las Olas." Written by Juventino Rosas in the 1870s, it gained popularity a few years back as "The Loveliest Night of the Year," sung by Mario Lanza. The late Ramon Machado, a fine Mexican American violinist of the old school, once told me the following wonderful story about its origin:

Rosas was a great musician, but a drunk. One night he was thrown into the drunk tank in a Mexico City jail, but instead of lying down and sleeping it off he banged on the bars and hollered for a piece of charcoal. Finally the jailer bought him one just to shut him up. Rosas staggered over to the wall and wrote some music out, then passed out. When he woke up and was released, he had forgotten all about the incident, and it was only at the last moment before scrubbing the wall clean with a damp rag that the jailer decided to copy the music off. It was "Sobre las Olas," of course — saved for posterity. It is a grand story, except for one detail. I can't see the guard in a Mexico City drunk tank either scrubbing walls or copying music. But that's my problem.

All this borrowing has gone in several directions, of course, and Western Swing's influence extends far beyond the few surviving swing bands. There's a lot of swing in the playing of most modern Western fiddlers — a legacy of the music I've been talking about. And some of the tunes — "San Antonio Rose" in particular — have gone into everybody's repertoire. In Tucson, I've heard it from Norteño accordion players, O'odham fiddlers, and Chicken Scratch bands. There is even a fine local Norwegian dance band, the Happy Scandinavians, who make it sound like a Norwegian polka! It's enough to make a body want to get out and go dancing. By the way, that response seems to be regional too. But that's another story. □

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.

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photo courtesy of St. Joseph's Hospital

Sadye Cooper helped start the "Rocking Grandparents" volunteer program at St. Joseph's Hospital. They hold and cuddle newborns in the nursery. Her husband Morris also volunteers at the hospital, answering phones. The couple retired to Tucson from New York City.

I kept asking for a program like this, because I've always loved babies. And at seventy-two, you know, I'm not having babies anymore! I have two daughters: one forty-four and one forty-nine. And grandchildren: the youngest is eleven, the oldest is twenty-six. So they're past the babying age.

And I don't want to sit home and do nothing; I can't. I'm not built that way, and neither is he. We have to get going and do things. And this place, this hospital, they are so caring. I saw that with my own husband, when he was a patient here. They weren't just worried about the patient, but the family. And when my daughter had cancer, Sister Agatha met me at the door, because she knew before I knew. And the way she took me ... I'll just, I'll do anything for them.

I hadn't held a baby for eleven years, but it just came right back. I wasn't afraid. Well, I was never afraid with my own, even the first one, and at that time, mothers used to bother doctors day in and day out. And at that time, my doctor said to me, "You should have been a baby nurse." Because I some-

how or other took to it naturally. I remember, my mother told me, that even as a child, whenever there was a baby in a carriage, I was always walking the babies.

You have such a feeling inside, when you hold those little ones; it does something to you. They're normal, beautiful babies that we're helping. You hold a little one, it feels good, then you get a heavy one and you say, whooaa boy! In the mornings, especially, it's important to give them TLC. At quarter past seven, when I walk in, the nurses' eyes light up. Because they're busy checking vital signs and taking blood and all. And they don't send the babies out of the nursery to the mother until the doctor has already checked the baby out for the day. So the ba-

bies are hungry, they're crying, and we're needed.

The youngest I think we get is about three hours. They are just precious. And for me to get up at six o'clock in the morning, I must love it! When you pick a crying baby up, a baby who's just had a circumcision, and you hold them and cuddle them, they calm down. You see their eyes closing, and they're relaxing. They've been in the warmth, they've been in the mother's womb all these months, and — I'm not a doctor — but I imagine it's just the sense of security, the closeness of being held, that must do something for them.

There were none born today while I was here, and I was disappointed. Because I love when they bring them in. I love to stand and watch: the father comes over, and puts on his robe, and watches while they measure them and weigh them and put stuff in their eyes and everything. And I say "Gee, I wish they had done it that way when my children were born, so my husband could have seen that." In those days, dad just had to sit in the waiting room and wait, and then the nurse would come out and tell him what it is. Now, dads are with the mother throughout the entire thing, they see the actual birth. And I think that's beautiful. I think a father should know what his wife is going through.

I was born too soon, what can I tell you? □

Sadye Cooper

HOW MANY OF THESE ADS CAME TRUE?

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It's called "mandating." It's part of the Federal Health Maintenance Organization Act of 1973 and it's been in the Valley of the Sun. It allows federally qualified HMOs to force more businesses with 25 or more employees to add a federally qualified HMO to their benefit package. Mandating started out in the early 1970's as a well-intentioned aid to the fledgling HMO movement. Since then, though, HMOs have proven themselves in the marketplace with track records for quality, cost containment and employee satisfaction. Intergroup believes HMOs shouldn't have to substitute Federal law for effective marketing in order to succeed.

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That bit of wisdom is supposed to have come from an old Chinese table. We tell the story because it's true. Intergroup and the Valley Health Maintenance Organization are all about. It's easier than an ancient Chinese, the people would stop by the home of a village healer every day and share the fruits of their labor—a chicken, some rice, whatever they had. If they got sick, they couldn't work. The healer went hungry. Intergroup points out the fundamental philosophy behind HMOs. HMOs provide care not only from treating illness quickly and effectively, but also from preventing illness.

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A lot of traditional health care plans are trying to keep their old concepts to make it look like they're improved, but they're more cost effective. So, we see HMOs look alike, PPOs, combination indemnity plans and so on. But if you look closely, nothing's really changed. Often, it's still "the more treatment the health care delivery system provides, the more money it makes."

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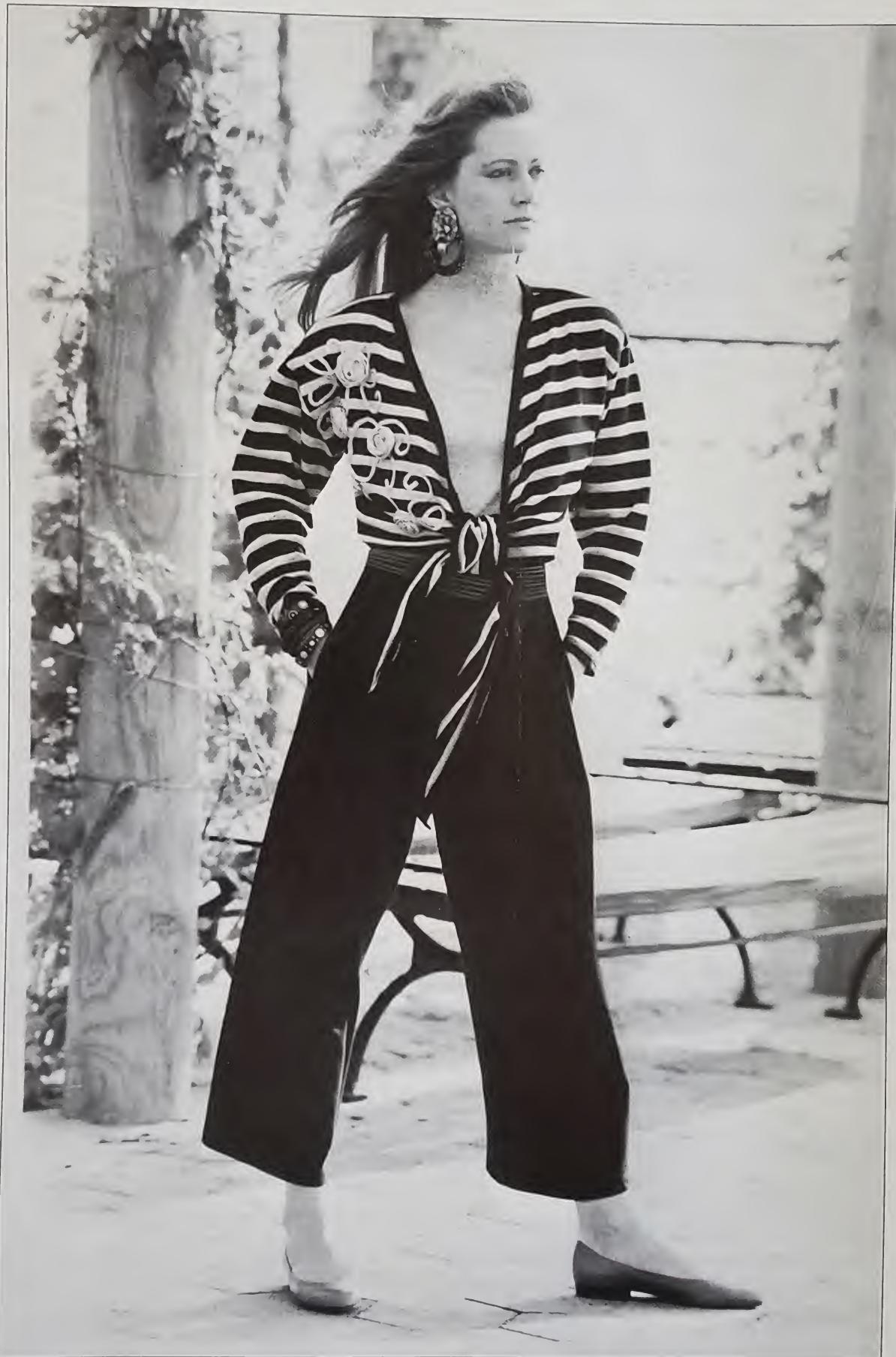
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